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THE
MERCHANT'S WEDDING;

OR,

LONDON FROLICS IN 1638:

A Comedy,

IN FIVE ACTS,

PRINCIPALLY FOUNDED ON JASPER MAYNE'S "CITY MATCH,"
AND W. ROWLEY'S "MATCH AT MIDNIGHT,"

BY J. R. PLANCHÉ.

FIRST PERFORMED AT.

THE THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN,

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1828.

LONDON, 1828:

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TO
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
WILLIAM HENRY,
DUKE OF CLARENCE,

Lord High Admiral of England,

&c. &c. &c.

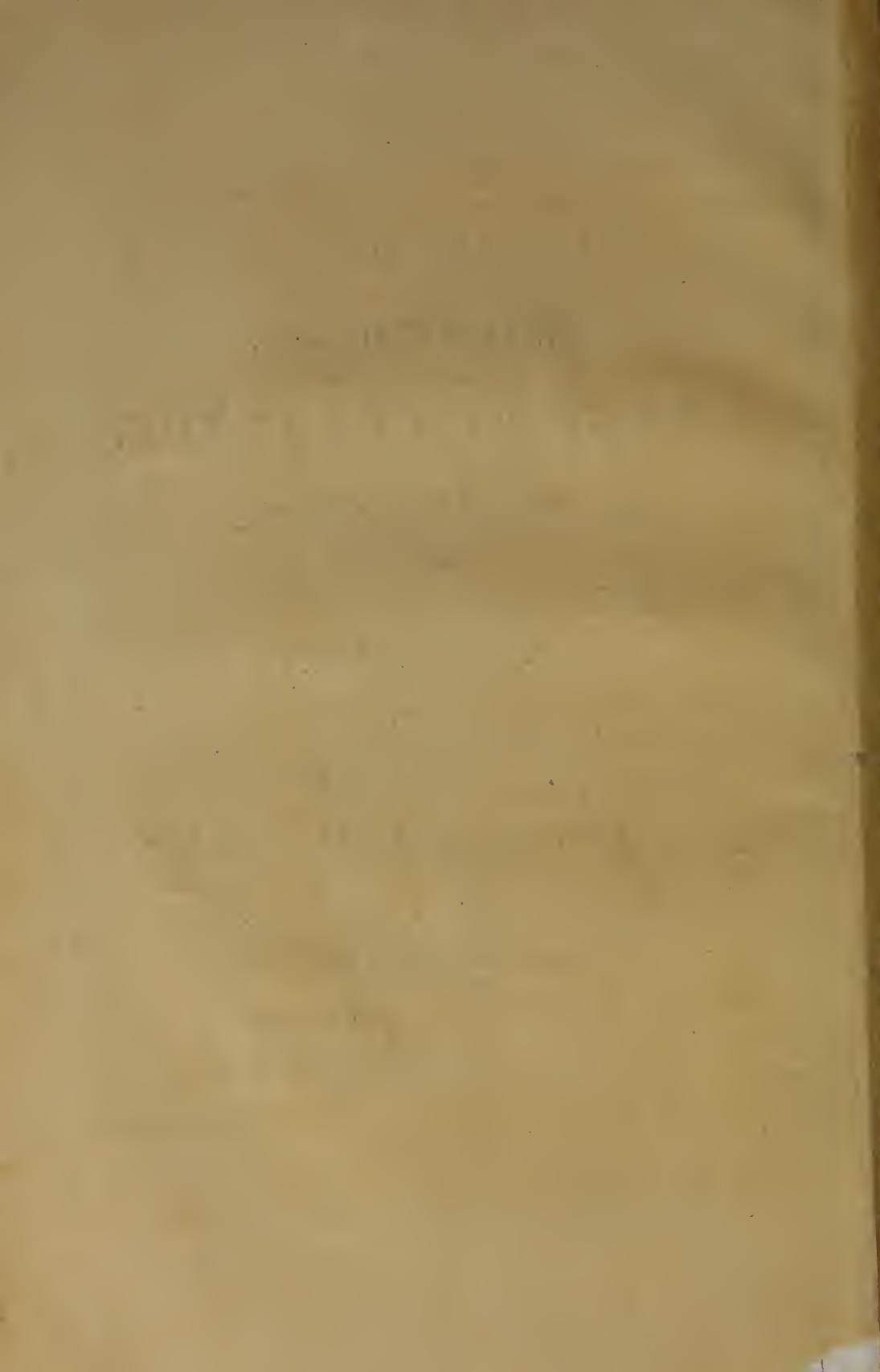
THIS COMEDY
IS,
WITH PERMISSION,
MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

MOST OBLIGED
AND VERY DEVOTED SERVANT,

J. R. PLANCHÉ.

*Brompton Crescent,
Feb. 19, 1828.*



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Warehouse, *an Old Merchant and Usurer* MR. W. FARREN.
 Frank Plotwell, *his Nephew* MR. C. KEMBLE.
 Seathrift, *another Merchant* MR. BLANCHARD.
 Timothy Seathrift, *his Son* MR. KEELEY.
 Lieutenant Valentine MR. DIDDEAR.
 Bright } *two Templars* } MR. SERLE.
 Newcut } MR. HORREBOW.
 Captain Quartfield MR. BARTLEY.
 Salewit MR. MEADOWS.
 Scoreup, *the Keeper of an Ordinary* . . MR. TURNOUR.
 Cipher, *Warehouse's Factor* MR. ISAACS.
 Banswright MR. EVANS.
 Peter } *two Footmen* } MR. HENRY.
 Gregory } MR. MEARS.
 Penelope's Footman MR. HEATH.
 Page MASTER HARVEY.

Aurelia MISS CHESTER.
 Penelope Plotwell MRS. CHATTERLEY
 Dorcas, *Aurelia's Waiting-Woman* . . MRS. J. HUGHES.
 Mrs. Seathrift MRS. WESTON.
 Mrs. Holland MRS. HUDSON.
 Millicent, *Scoreup's Wife* MRS. WILSON.

P R E F A C E.

JASPER MAYNE was born at Hatherlagh, or Hatherleigh, in Devonshire, A. D. 1604; educated at Westminster, and took up his degree of master of arts at Christ Church, Oxford, June 18, 1631. He afterwards entered into holy orders, and was preferred to the vicarages of Cassington, near Woodstock, and Ryston, near Wathington. In 1639, he produced his comedy of the *City Match*,* which was acted by command of the king, both at Whitehall and at the Blackfriars Theatre.—At the breaking-out of the civil war, he sided with the royal party, to which he remained, in spite of persecution, firmly attached. By the creatures of Oliver Cromwell he was ejected from his college, and deprived of both his livings; at the Restoration, however, he returned to them, and was appointed chaplain in ordinary to Charles II., promoted to a canon's stall at Christ Church, and raised to the dignity of archdeacon of Chichester. He died December 6, 1672, and lies buried on the north side of the choir of Christ Church. “Dr. Mayne,” say the editors of the *Biographia Dramatica*, “was held in very high esteem, both for his natural parts and his acquired accomplishments. He was an orthodox preacher, and a man of severe virtue and exemplary behaviour, yet of a ready and facetious wit, and a very singular turn of humour. From some stories that are related of him, he seems to have borne a degree of resemblance in his manner to the celebrated Dr. Swift; but, if he did not possess those very brilliant parts that distinguished the Dean, he probably was less subject to that caprice and those unaccountable whimsies, which at times so greatly eclipsed the abilities of the latter. Yet there is one anecdote related of him, which, although we cannot be of opinion that it reflects any great honour on his memory, as it seems to carry some degree of cruelty with it, yet

* “In the year 1755, a gentleman, still living, of great eminence in his profession, made a few alterations in this play, and presented it to the governors of the Lock Hospital, near Hyde Park Corner, who obtained a representation of it at Drury Lane, for the benefit of that charity. It was at the same time printed in 8vo., under the title of ‘*The Schemer, or the City Match*.’”—Selection of Old Plays, London, 1825, Vol. 9, page 236. The gentleman was Mr. Bromfield, the surgeon. I have never seen his alteration.

it is a strong mark of his resemblance to the Dean, and a proof that his propensity for drollery and joke did not quit him even in his latest moments. The story is this :—The Doctor had an old servant, who had lived with him some years, to whom he bequeathed an old trunk, in which he told him he would find *something that would make him drink, after his death*. The servant, full of expectation that his master, under this familiar expression, had left him something that would be a reward for the assiduity of his past services, as soon as decency would permit, flew to the trunk; when, behold! to his great disappointment, the boasted legacy proved to be—a red herring.”—*Biog. Dram.* Vol. I. p. 504.

The comedy of the Merchant's Wedding, as stated in the title, is principally founded on the “City Match,” above mentioned, and Rowley's “Match at Midnight;” * but several passages have been introduced from other cotemporary writers, as the compiler was unwilling to mix his chaff with their grain, when he could by any possibility avoid it. To John Cook's comedy, known by the name of “Green's Tu-quoque, or the City Gallant,” and to Chapman's “Widow's Tears,” the present drama is indebted for some smart and characteristic dialogue; and a few lines of great poetical beauty have been placed in the mouth of Plotwell, from Habington's “Queen of Arragon.” In the little that he has been compelled to add from his own pen, the adapter has endeavoured to imitate the phraseology and style of his authors; to approach their wit and fancy, he neither hoped nor attempted. Having thus confessed his obligations to the dead, he begs to acknowledge those he is under to the living. To the managers, performers, and artists, in every department of the theatre, his warmest thanks are most justly due, and most sincerely paid. He is free to declare, that during the ten years he has had the pleasure to be connected with the stage, he has never witnessed talent more cheerfully applied, or more successfully exerted.

To the **ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGE** under whose auspices this Comedy has the honour of being now presented to the public, the adapter's gratitude is doubly due; the distinguished favour conferred upon himself being enhanced by the high sanction therewith given to his favourite pursuit, *the restoration of the Ancient English Drama*.

J. R. P.

* For the biography of W. Rowley, vide Preface to the Comedy of “A Woman Never Vext,” in Cumberland's edition of the British Theatre.

THE MERCHANT'S WEDDING.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Counting-House.—Chair, and office-table, with papers and books upon it.*

Enter WAREHOUSE and SEATHRIFT.

Sea. I promise you, 'twill be a most rare plot.

War. The city, Mr. Seathrift, never yet
Brought forth the like. I would have them that have
Fin'd twice for sheriff mend it!

R Sea. Mend it!—Why,
'Tis past the wit of the Court of Aldermen.
Next merchant tailor, that writes chronicles,
L Will put us in.

Wor. Ay, sir; for, though my nephew,
Since I have taken him home, seems quite trans-
figured,—

Be dutiful as a new 'prentice, and declaims
'Gainst revelling companions,—be as hard
To be entic'd from home as my own door-posts,—
This reformation may but be his part,
And he may act these virtues. I have not
Forgot his riots in the Temple. You know, sir—

Sea. You told me, Mr. Warehouse.

War. Not the sea,
When it devoured my ships, cost me so much
As did his vanities. A voyage to the Indies
Has been lost in a night. His daily suits
Were worth more than the stock that set me up.
He had his loves, too, and his mistresses—I hear
Kept one of them in pension.

Sea. My son, too,
 Hath had his errors. I could tell the time
 When all the wine which I put off by wholesale
 He took again in quarts, and at the day
 Vintners have paid my bills with his large scores !
 But he's reform'd, too—grown a virtuous boy.

War. I have the like opinion of my nephew ;
 Yet he is young—so is your son ; nor doth
 The church-book say that they are past our fears.
 Our presence is their bridle now—'tis good
 To know them well whom we do make our heirs.

Sea. It is most true.

War. And how, pray, shall we know
 How they will use their fortunes, or what place
 We have in their affection, without trial !
 Some wise men build their own tombs ; let us try,
 If we were dead, whether our heirs would cry ?

Sea. 'Twill make us famous, on th'Exchange, for
 ever.

I'll home, and take leave of my wife and son. *Xs L*

War. I'll meet you at your garden-house.

Within, there !

[Exit Seathrift. L]
Laying down his hat and cane on Table L.
Enter CIPHER.

War. Now, Cipher, where's my nephew ?

Cip. In the hall,
 Reading a letter, which a footman brought
 To him, just now, from a lady, sir.

War. A lady !

Cip. Yes, sir, a lady in distress : for I
 Could overhear the fellow say she must sell
 Her coach-horses, and return again
 To her needle, if your nephew don't supply her
 With money.

War. So, some honourable seamstress !
 I'm now confirm'd—they say he keeps a lady,
 And this is she. Well, Cipher, 'tis too late
 To change my projects now. Be sure you keep
 A diary of his actions ; strictly mark
 What company comes to him. If he stir

Out of my house, observe the place he enters :
 Watch him 'til he comes out. Follow, disguised,
 To all his haunts.

L Cip. He shall not want a spy, sir. [Looks out. *L*
 But look, sir!—look! know you the man comes yonder?

War. Who is he, Cipher?

Cip. Master Valentine,
 The young lieutenant, who mortgaged his estate six months ago, for a small sum he needed. I'm deceived if he come not a day after the fair.

War. Mine almanack!—quick!—mine almanack!

Cip. 'Tis here, sir. *Takes it from the table.*

War. Let me see! let me see!—six months—'tis excellent!—Four days too late, Cipher!—He comes four days too late!

Enter VALENTINE. L

L Val. Master Warehouse, your servant.

C War. Your servant, sir; what may be your pleasure—but stay—you are a stranger, sir—you shall bear me witness. I shall be railed at else. I pray you, how many months, from the first of May to the sixth of November following.

Val. Six months and four days, sir, just.

War. Good, very good, as I say; I ask you, sir, because, the first of May last, a brave young gentleman, one Lieutenant Valentine—

Val. I am the man, sir. Have you forgotten me?

War. My spectacles, Cipher! Nay—hold—here—[Warehouse applies the glasses he has hanging to his neck to his eyes, and looks Valentine earnestly in the face.] Look, Cipher! Is this Master Valentine?

Cip. 'Twas Master Valentine, sir.

C War. Oh, Cipher! a chair! [Cipher brings down the chair.] I know him now, but shall not live to tell him. [Falls into the chair.

Val. What is the matter?

War. Sick! sick! exceeding sick!

Val. O'the sudden?—strange!

War. That you! beloved you! who, of all men in

Cipher is going towards the table for the spectacles

the world, my poor heart doated on,—whom I loved better than father, mother, brother, uncles, or aunts! that you should stay four days too late!

Val. 'Tis most true, sir, I come four days past my time; but I have the money ready, and I hope your old love to my father—

War. Nay, there it is—that's it that pains me. I am a very rock of friendship! But, alack! I had a house burned to the ground since you were here.

Val. How!

War. How burned? Ask CIPHER.

Cip. By fire, sir—by fire.

War. Yes, burnt by fire, sir. To build up which, for I'm a poor man—a poor man, whatever folks think to the contrary, I was forced by course of law to enter on your land, and so, for less money than you had of me, I was fain to sell it to another. That by four days' stay you should lose your estate!—Oh my heart! Oh my head!

Val. Pray take not on so, sir—'tis my grief more than yours. But we'll go to this man—I'll buy it of him again—he'll not be cruel.

War. A dog! a dog! a very dog! There's more mercy in a pair of unbribed bailiffs. To shun all such solicting, he's rid to York. A very cut-throat rogue. Alack! alack!

Val. An honest old man! How it moves him! This was my negligence—well, 'tis no use grieving, my land is gone! Farewell, sir, and I pray fortune, however she may fashion out my lot, yet, for the sake of my dear father, the long friend of your heart, she will, in your health, keep me happy.

[Exit Valentine. *L*]

War. A kind and good young man—I'm cut to the soul by't. CIPHER!

Cip. Sir.

War. Did I do it well, CIPHER?

Cip. Old Nick himself could not have done it better. Here comes your nephew, sir.

War. Then get you gone.

[Rises—CIPHER puts back the chair, and exit *L*. *R. of table*]

Enter PLOTWELL. *L.*

Good morrow, nephew; how now? Sad! how comes This melancholy?

Plo. Can I choose but wear Clouds in my face, when I must venture, sir, Your reverend age to a long doubtful voyage, And not partake your dangers?

War. Fie! these fears, Though they become you, nephew, are most ominous. How like you your new course? Which place prefer you?

The Temple or the Exchange? Where are, think you,

The wealthier mines, in the Indies or Westminster Hall?

Plo. Sir, my desires take measure And form from yours.

War. Nay, tell me your mind plainly, I'the city tongue. I'd have you speak like Cipher. I do not like quaint figures: they do smell Too much of the inns of court. Come, now, how say you?

Plo. Sir, I prefer your kind of life—a merchant.

War. 'Tis spoken like my nephew. Now, I like you, Nor shall I e'er repent the benefits I have bestow'd, but will forgive all errors, As mere seducements; and will not only be An uncle, but a father, to you. But You must be constant, nephew.

Plo. Else I were blind To my good fortune, sir.

War. Think, man, how it may In time make thee o'the city senate; raise thee To the sword and cap of maintenance.

Plo. [*Aside.*] Yes; and make me Sentence light bread and pounds of butter on horse-back—

War. Have gates and conduits dated from thy year; Ride to the spittle on thy free beast.

Plo. [*Aside.*] Yes ;
Free of your company, I hope.

War. The works
And good deeds of the city to go before thee,
Besides a troop of varlets.

Plo. [*Aside.*] Yes ; and I
To sleep the sermon in my chain and scarlet.

War. [*Overhearing him.*] How say you ? Let's
hear that ?

Plo. I say, sir, I
To sit at sermon in my chain and scarlet.

War. Right ! right ! and be remembered at the
cross.

Plo. And then at sessions, sir, and all times else,
Master Recorder to save me the trouble,
And understand things for me.

War. 'Tis all possible ;
And in the stars and winds, therefore, good ne-
phew,

You shall pursue this course : and, to enable you,
In this half-year that I shall be away,
Cipher shall teach you French, Italian, Spanish,
And other tongues of traffic.

Plo. Shan't I learn
Arithmetic too, sir, and short hand ?

War. Right, right !
'Tis well remembered. Yes, and navigation.

Re-enter CIPHER.

Cip. Sir, Mr. Seathrift says you'll lose the tide,—
The boat stays for you.

War. I am coming, Cipher. *Y s b.*
Farewell, good nephew, and at my return,
As I hear of your carriage, you do know
What my intentions are ; and, for a token
How much I trust your reformation, boy,
Take this key of my counting-house, and spend

[*Gives Plotwell a key.*
Discreetly in my absence. [*Takes Plotwell's hand.*]
Farewell—Nay.

Takes hat and cane up and

No tears ; I'll be back sooner than you think on't.
Cipher, you know what you've to do ?

Cip. I warrant you, sir. [Exit Warehouse. *L.*

Plo. Tears ! yes, my melting eyes shall run, but it
Shall be such tears as shall increase the tide,
To carry you from hence.

Cip. Come, Mr. Plotwell,
Shall's read this morning ?

Plo. Read ! what ? How
The price of sugar goes ? How many pints
Of olives go to a jar ? How long wine works at sea ?
What difference is in gain between fresh herrings
And herrings red ?

Cip. Have you so soon forgot
Your uncle's charge ?

Plo. Ay, 'faith, have I—what was't ?

Cip. To learn the tongues and mathematics.

Plo. Troth,
If I have tongue enough to say my prayers,
I' the phrase of the kingdom, I care not ; otherwise,
I'm for no tongues but dried ones, such as will
Give a fine relish to my liquor !—Mathematics !
Burn mathematics !

Cip. [*Aside.*] What I knew 'twould come to.
Here be his comrades.

BRIGHT and NEWCUT peep in and enter. *L.*

Plo. What ! my Fleet-Street friends ! *X. S. C.*
[Exit Cipher. *R.*

Bri. Save you, merchant Plotwell !

New. Mr. Plotwell, citizen and merchant, save
you.

Bri. Is thy uncle

Gone the wish'd voyage ?

Plo. Yes, 'faith, he's gone ! and, if
He die by the way, hath bequeath'd me but some
Twelve hundred pounds a year in rent, some three
Score thousand pound in money, besides jewels,
Bonds, desperate debts.

New. And dost thou not fall down,

And pray to the winds to sacrifice him to
Poor John and mackarel?

Bri. Or invoke some rock
To do thee justice?

New. Or some compendious cannon
To take him off i' th' middle?

Plo. And why, my tender,
Soft-hearted friends?

Bri. Why!—Hast not told us, man,
An hundred times, how he and Seathrift caused
The ruin of your father, and scraped up
Their wealth out of his wreck?

Plo. Why, so they did.

New. Did he not, then, in show of charity,
When that thy father, his own sister's husband,
Sunk in the grave, a prey to his misfortunes,
'Prentice your sister to a city seamstress,
And take thee from the Temple, where thou livedst,
As your birth challenged, like a gentleman,
To make thee an Old Juryman, a Whittington?

Bri. To transform thy plush to pennystone?—Thy
scarlet

Into a velvet jacket, which hath seen
Aleppo twice, is known to the great Turk,
Hath 'scaped three shipwrecks to be left for thee,
And knows the way to Mexico as well as the map?

New. There's not in Ovid such a metamorphosis
As thou art now. To be turned into a tree,
Or some fine beast, is courtly unto this!
But for thee, Frank! O, wretched transmutation,
Of satin chang'd to kersey-hose, I sing!
'Slid! his shoes shine, too.

Plo. Very pleasant, gentlemen.

Bri. And faith, now, for how many years art bound?

Plo. D'ye take me for a 'prentice?

New. Then, what office
Dost bear i' the parish this year; come, let's feel—
No batteries in thy head to signify
Thou'rt constable?

Bri. No furious jug broke on it,
I' the king's name?

Plo. Did you contrive this scene
By the way, gentlemen?

New. No;—but the news,
Thou shouldst turn tradesman!—And this pagan
dress,
In which, if thou shouldst die, thou wouldst be
damned

For an usurer!—Nay, 'tis too ridiculous!

Plo. Well, my conceited Orient friends, bright off-
spring

O' the female silkworm and the tailor male!
I own you are gallants—I deny not
That you look well in your unpaid-for glory—
That in these colours you set out the Strand,
And adorn Fleet Street!—That you may laugh at me,
Poor working-day o' the city!— Like two festivals
Escaped out of the almanack!

New. Sirrah Bright!
Didst look to hear such language beyond Ludgate?

Bri. I thought all wit had ended at Fleet Bridge!
But wit that goes o' the score, that may extend,
If't be a courtier's wit, into Cheapside.

Plo. Your mercer lives there, does he? I warrant
you,

He has the patience of a burning heretic.
The very faith, that sold to you these silks,
And thinks you'll pay for them, is strong enough
To save the infidel part of the world!

Bri. Why, Newcut!
We're most mechanically abused!

New. Go, put on
One of thy Temple suits, and come with us.

Plo. But do you know to how much danger, sirs,
You tempt me:—should my uncle know I come
Within the air of Fleet Street—

New. Psha! I say,
Go, make yourself fit for a coach again,
And come along!

Plo. Well, well—you shall prevail—
But whither are you bent?

New. We dine at Scoreup's.

There we shall meet the captain and his poet—
We'll have another fish!

Bri. Rare sport, i' faith.

'Tis strange, how many fools have paid their pence
To see a drunken fellow deck'd in scales,
And never doubted him a true sea-monster.
I've seen above a score shown in Moorfields,
And yet the town's no wiser.—We are fam'd for't
Through all the world—there's no sight-hunter like
Your gullible Englishman: hang out a picture,
And blow a trumpet; and he'll pay a shilling to see
his own dog dance!

New. But, by the way,
We have agreed to see a lady.

Plo. Ah!

What lady?

Bri. Hast not heard of the new lady?—The rich
heiress:

Rich as the sea, and scornful as she's wealthy.
She has a biting wit, and such a tongue,
Wer't in a lawyer's mouth, would make him buy
All young heirs near him.—Where can you have been
To know't not?

New. She's the wonder of the court,
And talk of the town;—she has vow'd ne'er to marry, .
'Til she be won by stratagem.

Plo. Her name?

New. Aurelia.

Plo. A strange wench! I long to see her.

Bri. Why, in the name of Guildhall, who comes
here?

Enter TIMOTHY.

Tim. By your leave, gentlemen.

Plo. Mr. Timothy!

Welcome from the new world!—What! not gone
To sea with your father?

Tim. No, faith! I don't like
To go to sea.—Besides, my mother was
Afraid to venture me.

Plo. Believe't, she's wise

Not to trust such a wit to a thin frail bark.
But whither are you bound ?

Tim. I only came
To have your judgment of my suit.

Plo. 'Tis a brave suit ! a rare one ! sure the tailor
[*Walks round Tim.*

Hath done his part.

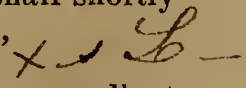
Tim. And my mother has done hers,
For she has paid for it. I never durst be seen
Before my father out of duretta
And serge ; but, if he catch me in such stuffs,
Such paltry stuffs, that make me look like one
Who lets out money, let him say that Timothy
Was born a fool !—No, no—no more o' that.
Before he went, he made me do what he list ;
Now he's abroad, I'll do what I list. What
Are these two ?—Gentlemen ?

L. Plo. You see they wear
Their heraldry.

L. B. Tim. But I mean, can they roar,
Beat drawers, play at dice, and court their mistress ?
I mean forthwith to get a mistress ! Gentlemen,
I covet your acquaintance.

B. B. Bri. Your servant, sir,

R. New. I shall be proud to know you.

Tim. Sir, my knowledge
Is not much worth. I'm born to a small fortune—
Some hundred thousand pounds, if once my father
Held up his hands in marble, or kneel'd in brass.
What are you ?—Inns-of-court men ? I shall shortly
Be one myself. I learn to dance already,
And wear short cloaks. 

New. [*Aside to Plotwell.*] This is an excellent
fellow ?
Who is't ?

Plo. Rich Seathrift's son, that went abroad
This morning with my uncle.

New. Let us take him
Along with us,—Quartfield shall make a show of him.
He shall be the fish !

Plo. Capital sport, i'faith.

Tim. Gentlemen,

Shall we dine at an ordinary?—You
Shall enter me among the wits.

Plo. Sir, I

Will but change clothes, then we'll associate you!
But, first, you shall with us, and see a lady, *YSR*
Rich as your father's chests and pigeon-holes,
Fresh as Pygmalion's mistress, newly waken'd
Out of her alabaster!

Tim. O, make haste!

I long to see a lady, and salute her!

[*Exeunt.* *R*]

Change

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment at Aurelia's.*

Enter AURELIA, followed by BRIGHT, NEWCUP, TIMOTHY, and PLOTWELL. *L*

R *Aur.* What means this insolence? Who let ye in?
The knaves! to let such saucy swaggerers
Enter a civil house.

R *Bri.* Speak to her, Timothy. *Doing him on —*

Tim. Lady! let me taste the elysium of your lips. *+ sto*

Aur. Why, what are you, sir? Prithee, know
your distance.

Tim. What am I? Why, my father is an alderman,
And I shall be one in time.

Aur. Then, sir, in time
You may be remembered at the quenching
Of fired houses, when the bells ring backwards,
By your name upon the buckets.

Tim. Here's a wit, now.
By this light, gentlemen, I've no more language
Than a dumb parrot. A little more, she'll jeer me
Into a fellow that turns upon his toe
In a steeple and strikes quarters!

Aur. And you, sirs—

L *B* *You are some inns-of-court men?*

New. Yes; what then?

Aur. Had I in all the world but forty mark,
And that got by my needle-making socks,
And were that forty mark mil-sixpences,
Spur-royals, Harry-groats, or such odd coin
Of husbandry as in the king's reign now
Would never pass, I would despise you!

Bri. You think you have abused us now.

New. Your wit
Will make you die a withered virgin, lady.

Bri. We shall in time, when your most tyrant
tongue

Hath made this house a wilderness, and you
As unfrequented as a statesman fallen,—
When you shall quarrel with your face and glass,
'Til from your pencil you have raised new cheeks,—
See you beg suitors, write bills o'er your doors—
"Here is an ancient lady to be let."

New. You think you're handsome now?

Aur. 'Tmay be, I do.

New. May I not prosper, if I have not seen
A better face in signs or gingerbread.

Tim. Yes; I for two-pence oft have bought a better.

Plo. Fie, gentlemen! abuse a lady thus? *Is to a.*
I can't with patience hear your blasphemies.

Aur. O prodigy! to hear an image speak.

Why, sir, I took you for a mute i' the hangings.

Plo. Why, lady, do you think me
Wrought in a loom?

Aur. Surely, you stood so simply;
But, now I know you have a tongue, and are
A very man, I'll only think you dull,
And pray for better utterance.

Plo. Lady, you
Judge rashly of me; I was only struck
With admiration of your beauty.

Aur. Then you can wonder, sir?

Plo. Yes, when I see a miracle like you.

Aur. And love me, can't you?

Plo. Ay, and marry you,
If so I should be minded.

Aur. What, fair sir,
Whether I will or no?

Plo. Ay—ay—despite
Thy pretty teeth, that show like pearly drops
Between those parted roses.—But come, wags,
Let us to Scoreup's. Heaven be with you, lady, *Is to a.*
I came not here to woo, but just to look on
The pretty piece of scornfulness I'd heard
So much of;—now I've seen, I'm satisfied.

[Exit Plotwell. *Is to a.*]

Bri. Ay! ay! away to Scoreup's.—Fare thee well!

New. Adieu, thou bitter sweet one.

Tim. Well, she is

A most rare lady! I could love a dog
Of those sweet looks.—Heigho!

Enter DORCAS and PETER, as Timothy goes out.

R. Aur. So you are here.—You're pretty guards, forsooth.

L. Why kept you not them out?

Pet. They were so nimble,
I had no sooner op'd the door than all
Rushed in, forsooth.

Aur. [*Aside.*] There's one amongst them
That hath, methinks, a right ingenious spirit,
Veil'd merely with a youthful vanity.
He look'd like one who could retract himself
From his mad starts, and, when he pleas'd, turn tame.
His handsome wildness did, methinks, become him;
But down these thoughts.—Do I not know the sex:
When a poor woman has laid open all
Her mind to them, then grow they proud and coy;
But, when wise maids dissemble and keep close,
They come like serpents creeping in the dust,
And, with their oiled looks, prostrate themselves
Before our beauty's sun; where, once but warm,
They strike us with their stings, and then forsake us!
No: let the wisest win me if he can,
But, a free gift—not I to any man!

R. Dor. I thought she'd never go. Here, sirrah, Peter,
Run quickly after that same gentleman—
He in the yellow suit:—say, that your lady—
Your lady, mind—would speak with him.
Run—run

Pet. I will, forsooth.

[*Exit Peter, slowly.*]

Dor. A base companion!

A scurvy good-for-naught!—I'll teach him how
To slight his old acquaintance. I have seen him,
Before his father died, walking in Moorfields
With half a hat, a doublet with three buttons,
A hose with one point and no garter, and

A cudgel under his arm, begging for threepence.
 Then 'twas "Sweet Dorcas, and dear pretty Dorcas,
 And hast thou not a noble? By this light,
 An' would my father die, I'd marry thee!"
 And now, forsooth, i'the pride of his new doublet,
 He struts by me as he had been new knighted!

Re-enter BRIGHT. *L.*

Bri. Where is your lady, wench? She called me back.

B. *Dor.* Where is your conscience, sirrah! that you can

Look in my face and ask me for my lady?

Wilt swear thou dost not know me?—Base deceiver!

Bri. Phew! here's a storm!—Why—yes—I think I've seen

That nose before, and those two unpaired eyes,
 That feel they were not made for one another,
 And turn away for shame.—I can't mistake them,
 For never saw I any of their colour,
 Unless it might be in a whiting, boiled.

Dor. Peace, or I'll tear out thine! I will, thou rake-hell!

Hast thou forgotten, wretch, how oft thou'st sworn
 They were no eyes, but two celestial stars!
 When you came wheedling for a capon's wing?
 Or tenpence, to appease your laundress?—Villain!
 Didst thou not promise thou wouldst marry me?

Bri. I'faith, I did—and twenty more beside!

An' I kept all my promises, the law
 Would hang me for't. But, be patient, wench.
 Who would have thought to find thee here, in this place?

Truly, I did not know thee, in thy glory,—
 Thy mistress's cast lace and satin gown!

What wouldst thou have,—a husband?—Gads my life!

If that will please thee, I will find thee one.

Dor. Out and be hang'd, base varlet! Where's the money

Thou hadst from me last Michaelmas? Five pounds,
 By this blessed light, and swore to pay it truly

Within a week, at the utmost?—Where's the ring
You stole, as if in fondness, from my finger,
And after pawn'd it? Nay, now thou'st anger'd me,
I'll have it all! I will, or else the sergeant—

Bri. Why, Dorcas, Dorcas! hear me, silly wench,
I'll make thy fortune for thee. Nay, nay,—hear
me:—

What say'st thou to a wealthy merchant's son?
I'm a poor devil, and not worth thy thoughts.
But, if thou hast a mind to be a lady,
To wear your coif with a fine London licket,
Your buffin gown with a tuftaffety cape,
Eat cherries at an angel a pound, and bid adieu
To durance petticoats and silver bodkins,
There is a something may be brought about.

Dor. A something! Psha! what something, hypocrite?

Bri. A rich young husband—'tis a trifle, that—
A thing you care not for, I know. As for
The debt you ask, [*Takes out a purse.*] here, take it—
take your money;

But let me tell you it will stop proceedings.

Dor. Nay, Mr. Bright, you know I'm sometimes
peevish—

A rich young husband, said you?

Bri. Here's your money— [*Offering a purse.*]

Dor. Nay, put it up again—I want it not;
It was your love, and not your coin, I wished for.
And are you really serious? [*Pushes away the purse.*]

Bri. Won't take it?

Dor. No, put it up; and tell me, my sweet Bright.

Bri. Upon entreaty, I'm content for once,
But make no custom of it. You do presume
Upon my easy foolishness.

Dor. Well, well,— [*Impatiently.*]
But the rich husband?

Bri. Nay; I cannot stay
To tell thee now. The gallants wait for me;
Besides, 'tis but a thought, that must be worked on.
Anon I'll see thee, and discourse upon't.

Dor. But may I trust thee now?

Bri. Upon my honour.

Dor. O lud, 'twere sin to doubt thee now. Fare-
well.

I shall expect thee. *Buyth L. Door* *Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Outside of an Ordinary.*

Enter, from House, CAPTAIN QUARTFIELD, beating SCOREUP.—SALEWIT and MILLICENT, labouring to part them.

R. C. Qua. Sirrah, I'll beat you into air.

R. Sco. Good captain!—

Qua. I will, by Hector.

Sco. Murder! murder! help!

Qua. You needy, shifting, cozening, breaking slave.

R. C. Mil. Nay, Mr. Salewit, help to part them.

L. Sal. Captain!—

Qua. Ask me for money, dog!

Sco. Oh! I am killed!

Mil. Help! help!

Sal. Nay, captain.

Qua. Men of my coat pay?

Rascal, I'll make you trust and offer me
Petitions to go o'the score.

Sal. [To *Sco.*] I told you, man,
Last time the captain beat you, what a lion
He is, being asked for reckonings.

Mil. So you did,
Indeed, good Mr. Salewit; yet you must
Be ever foolish, husband.

Sal. What if we
Do owe you money, sir? Is't fit for you
To ask it?

Sco. Well, sir, there is law—I say,
No more—but there is law.

Qua. What law, you cur?
The law of nature, custom, arms, and nations,
Frees men of war from payments. Dog, I tell you,
No soldiers ought to pay. *+ s R.*

Sal. Nor poets either.
All void of money, sir, are privileged.

Mil. You hear, good husband, captains and poets
Must never pay.

R. Sco. *x s* behind to *Sal.*

Sal. No, nor be asked for money.

Sco. Still I say there's law.

Qua. Say that again,

And, by Bellona, I will cut thy throat.

Mil. You long to see your brains out.

[Smacks his face and runs into house.]

R. Qua. Why, thou mongrel!

Thou John-of-all-trades! Have we not been your guests

Since you first kept a tavern, when you had
The face and impudence to hang a bush out
With but three pints of claret and two of sack,
In all the world?

L. Sal. And after, when you broke,
Did we not track you here, custom your house,
And help away your victuals, which had else
Lain mouldy on your hands?

C. Sco. You did, indeed;
I own you've been my customers these two years;
My jack went not, nor chimney smoked, without you:
I will go farther—your two mouths have been
Two as good eating mouths as need to come
Within my doors: as curious to be pleased
As if you still had lived on ready money,—
Had still the meats in season, and drank more
Than e'en you eat.

Sal. And your ingratitude
Would have this paid for?

Sco. Surely, so I take it.

Sal. Was ever the like heard? *f s C.*

Qua. 'Tis most unreasonable:

He has a harden'd conscience.

Sco. But surely, captain— *Pushing Sco. over to*

Qua. Peace, you loud bawling cur: do you disgrace me

Before these gallants, see if I don't kill you!

Enter BRIGHT, NEWCUT, PLOTWELL, and TIMOTHY. *L*

Plo. Save you, bold Quartfield and my man of wit,
Salute this gentleman.

Qua. I embrace him. *f* *[Embraces him.]*

Sal. And so do I. *f* *[Embraces Timothy.]*

Tim. f s to Qua. who.

Tim. You are a poet, sir ?

Sal. A servant to the muses.

Tim. I have made

Some speeches, sir, in verse, which have been spoken
By a green Robin Goodfellow, from Cheapside
Conduit,

To my father's company. You are a captain, sir ?

Qua. I have seen service, sir. *ad. To Quartfield.*

Tim. Captain, I love

Men of the sword and buff; and, if need were,

I can soar too, and hope to swear in time. *J. S. O.*

Do you see, captain ? *J. S. behind L.*

Plo. Nay, we've brought you, sir,

A gentleman of valour.

Qua. Why, Mr. Plotwell, never did I think
To see you in silk again.

Sal. I look'd next Lord Mayor's day
To see you o' the livery, or one
Of the bachelor whiffers.

Qua. Is your uncle dead ?

Plo. Not yet; but he's gone to sea this morning,
And I am come into your ranks again. *J. S. taking them aside*
But hark ye, lads ! what think you of a fish now ?

Qua. Mad wags ! mad wags !

Bri. By heaven, 'tis true ! Here, we have brought
one with us.

New. Rich Seathrift's son ! He'll make a rare
sea-monster.

Qua. And shall's be merry, faith ? We have the
properties

Of the last fish ; and, if I give him not

Enough sea at dinner, and if I and Salewit

Show him not better than he who shows the tombs,

Let me be turn'd into a sword-fish myself. *J. S. to Sco =*

Plo. A natural change for a captain ! How now,
Scoreup ? *[Aloud.]*

Pensive, and cursing the long vacation--eh !

Tim. Are you the half-crown fellow of the house ?

Sco. Sir, I do keep the ordinary.

Tim. Well !

Let us have wine enough ! I mean to drink
A health to a lady.

Bri. [*Aside to him.*] Hush!
Will you betray your fortune? One of them
Will go and tell her who you are, and spoil
The marriage.

Tim. No—peace, gentlemen; if you'll
Go in, we'll follow. *Talks and goes with Brightwell*

Sco. Please you, enter—dinner
Shall straight be set on the board. [*Exit. into house.*]

Qua. Come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Quartfield, Salewit, and Newcut, into the Ordinary.*]

Plo. [*Aside.*] That nimble-witted heiress! plague
upon't,
The rosy rogue still haunts me!—'Sdeath, shall
eyes,

Which only should be load-stars unto fools,

Attract a knowing spirit! Ay, they do.

I am in love,—there's no concealing it!

She must be won by stratagem! Why so—

Then why not I as well as any man?

Humph, let me think on't. [*Exit Plotwell, into house.*]

Tim. But was it really
For that she call'd you back?

R. Bri. Believe it, sir,
You wear some charm about you.

Tim. Not I, truly.

Bri. It cannot be she should so strangely doat
Upon you, else, thus to forego her scheme,
And be the first to woo.

Tim. The fine wench, then,
We saw this morning, is her servant only?

Bri. That was her plot. He who had the wit
To find her out in her dissembled state,
She meant to make her husband; but your person
Hath overturn'd all this.

Tim. Now I remember,
One read my fortune once, and told my father
That I should match a lady.

Bri. How things fall out!

Tim. And did she ask you who
I was?

Bri. I told her you were a young knight—

Tim. Good!

Bri. Scarce come to the years o' discretion.

Tim. Good, still,—

I am not quite.

Bri. [*Aside.*] No, I'll be sworn of that!
And that a nobleman did mean to beg you
For his daughter.

Tim. O most rare! to-night's the time.

Bri. Faith, you must use a little courtship first;
That done, let me alone to have the priest
In readiness.

Tim. But wer't not best to ask
My friends' consent?

Bri. Psha! friends' consent! that's fit
For none but farmers' sons and milkmaids.—You
Shall not debase your judgment. Rot it, man,
She takes you for a wit, and you shall match her
Like one.

Tim. I will.

Bri. But no words to the gallants.

Tim. Do you think I am a sieve, and cannot
hold?

Bri. Come, let us in! [*Aside.*] The woodcock's
spring'd! 'tis done!

Will you before, sir—

Tim. Not before you, sir—pray— *Xs Re.*

Bri. Nay, sir—your fortune claims precedence.

[*As they bow to each other, Timothy suddenly looks at his advanced leg.*]

Tim. Now, by the mass, I'd lay a score of nobles
It was my leg that struck her.

Bri. Saints forbid!

You didn't kick her, surely?

Tim. [*Pointing to his leg.*] Nay, my leg!—

Bri. Ah! pardon me! It is a handsome leg,
A most rare leg, and worthy such a face.

Tim. If ever I be seen in boots again,
May I be killed by a cobbler.

[*Exeunt into house—Timothy admiring his legs.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Ordinary.*—Scoreup
discovered arranging dinner-table, &c.

Enter PLOTWELL, QUARTFIELD, SALEWIT, and NEWCUT,
to dinner.

Qua. Come gentlemen, sit, sit.

Enter BRIGHT and TIMOTHY.

Plo. Come, we've begun!—some rich canary
there! [Exit Scoreup.

Qua. Gentlemen, sit.—Sit, Mr. Timothy.
You are victoriously welcome.

Tim. That word has conquered me.

Enter SCOREUP with wine.

Sco. Here's a pottle of rich canary, and some neat
claret, gentlemen.

Plo. Pass it round, boys.

Tim. [Gad! a cup of this is bet-
ter than our four-shilling beer at home!

Sal. You must drink another glass, sir—you drank
to nobody.

Tim. Is it the law, that, if a man drinks to nobody,
he must drink again?

All. Ay, ay! fill his glass!

Tim. Why, then, I'll drink to nobody once more,
because I will drink again. [All laugh.

Plo. Didn't I tell you? More wine, there!

Bri. [Aside.] This pageant's worth the seeing, by
the mass!

Tim. Yes; give us some more wine there! Here's
a hundred marks, gallants!—they're your own, an'
you do but let me bear office among you. I know as
great a matter has been done, for as small a sum.
Pray let me follow the fashion!

Qua. [Who has risen, and advanced on the right of
Timothy, pocketing it.] Well, for once, we'll take
money. Give me a cup of wine, and give me your
hand. [All rise—Timothy gives his hand to Quart-
field—Salewit gives Quartfield a cup of wine, and
some pipes.—They place Timothy in a chair.] I am

captain of this honourable company, and this, my noble poet, is my lieutenant. Our corporal was lately choked at Delph, with a flap-dragon; therefore, bear you his name and place, and henceforth be called Corporal Calf's-head!—Let the health go round!

[Breaks the pipes over Timothy's head—Salewit does the same—All repeat the name, drink, and huzza three times.]

Tim. [Rising on the step of the chair.] Gentlemen! —I feel—I—feel that I am—a—calf's-head!

[Slips off the chair.]

Tim. Some wine there, tapster! Is *and returns.*
There ne'er a tapster in the house?

Re-enter SCOREUP. L.

Sco. Here is more wine, gentlemen; and, sir, *[To Plotwell.]* there is one Lieutenant Valentine inquires for you without.

Plo. Valentine!—my Pylades! my brave young buff-coat!—Show him in, good Scoreup.

Sco. He's here, sir.

[Exit Scoreup. L.]

Enter VALENTINE. L.

Val. Frank Plotwell!

Plo. What wind has blown thee hither? I thought thee in the Low Countries!

How fares it, man?

Val. It cannot fare much worse—

I am a beggar, Frank.

Plo. You shall not say so

While I've a cross to call mine own? How, beggar?

Val. My mortgage is foreclosed.—Despite my haste,

I am four days behind my time. Your uncle, Press'd by some loss through fire, has sold the estate, too;

I must look out for fortunes o'er again.

Plo. A loss by fire!—sold the estate!—tut, tut, man!

He has the mortgage still—'tis all a fetch.

And, hearkye, Valentine, I have a sister,
A handsome sister, still—ay, and unmarried.

Val. I feared to ask.

Plo. Sit, sit, man.—I will read thee
A history of happiness—sit down. *Going towards Table*

Val. Not in this company—and, trust me, Frank,
I grieve to see you here.

Plo. Why, yon's a soldier,— *bowing to Quartfield*
A man of war, like you.

Val. A man of words!—By heav'n, it stirs my
wrath

To see these mongrels ape the soldier!

Plo. Psha!

Sit down, I say.—Here, Captain Quartfield,
Pray know my friend—Lieutenant Valentine.

Val. [*To Quartfield.*] Are you a captain, sir?

R. *Qua.* I am.

Val. Where served you last?

Qua. Why—at the Battle of Prague.

Val. Under what colonel—in what regiment?

Qua. Why,—let me see; but come,—sit down, sir!

True soldiers scorn unnecessary words,
Especially in taverns.

Val. True soldiers do—

But you are tavern-rats!

Qua. How?

Plo. Prithee, now—

Val. Foul food, that lieth all day undigested

Upon the queasy stomach of some tavern,

And are vomited out at midnight.

R. *Tim.* [*Advancing, and offering a cup of wine to Valentine.*] Hiccup!

Corporal Calf's-head's health, sir.

Val. In thy face, fool!

[*Knocks the liquor up, in Timothy's face.*]

Tim. O, la! [*Staggers up the stage, towards table, and sits in a chair.* *Plo.*

Plo. Nay, Valentine!—

Val. Forgive me, Frank!

It's for thy sake I'm moved. True soldiers, say you?
Ye worms of worth! ye sons of shame and baseness!
That, in a tavern, dare outsit the sun.

The name of soldier should bespeak a man,
 Noble and valiant.—Wisdom is the mould
 In which he casts his actions.—Such a temperance
 Doth daily deck his doings, that, by's modesty,
 He's guess'd the son of merit—by his mildness
 He's believ'd valiant!—Go, and build no more
 These airy castles of hatch'd fame, which fools
 Only admire and fear you for. The wise
 Laugh at—scorn you. Go and practise, sir,
 Virtue and valour, those fair shining twins,
 That are born, breathe, and die together. Then
 You'll no more be called butterflies, but men.
 Think on't, and pay your reckoning.

[Exit Valentine. *L*]

Qua. Shall we suffer this? [Going after Valentine. *L*]

Plo. [Stopping Quartfield.] I will go after him.

[Aside.] I know my sister loves him, and he swears
 he loves her; and, by this hand, it shall go hard if
 he have her not, and his mortgage back, too. Brave,
 excellent man! With what a strength of zeal we
 admire that goodness in another, which we cannot
 call our own!

[Exit Plotwell. *L*]

Qua. Kill him, an' thou lov'st me.

Bri. He's a dead man, I warrant him.

New. But where's our corporal? Corporal! cor-
 poral!

Bri. Why, Master Timothy! */ brings him down*

Tim. [Very drunk. *L*] Is—is he gone?—Hiccup!—
 Who calls us butterflies?

New. Yes, yes; he's taken wing, and Plotwell is
 gone after him, to fight with him.

Tim. That's well. He cannot but in conscience
 do us the courtesy to kill him. Come, what shall
 we do? I'll never go home to bed while I can get
 such stuff as this. Hiccup! Is there no more wine
 to be had? Drawer—hic—drawer—more—canary.

[Falls down into Bright and Newcut's arms.]

Qua. Away with him! away with him! Get the
 fins and the scales up, with the picture, and let us
 have all ready for the show by the time Plotwell
 comes back.

Ob. [Exeunt, Newcut and Bright carrying Timothy.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Street.—View of Holborn Bridge and St. Paul's in 1638.*

Enter PLOTWELL and VALENTINE. *P.*

Val. You glad my heart by this intelligence.

P. *Plo.* 'Tis as I say:—you know my precious uncle,
After the ruin and heart-broken death
Of my poor father, did, to salve his conscience,
Continue me a while here in the Temple,
But placed my sister Pen, then scarce thirteen,
With an old puritanic seamstress, near
Th'Exchange, to waste the morning of her beauty,
Stitching of bands and nightcaps.

L. *Val.* 'Sdeath! had she
Been born to such a life, or had your fortunes
By other means decayed, her industry
Had been an honour to her.

Plo. Thus it was—
But, when the chief cause of our wreck and fall
Wallowed in gold—gold dearly wrung from us,
Could I stand by, and hear that poor wrong'd girl
Run over all her shop to passengers
In a fine sale-time? No, faith! I whipp'd her off
One evening, took her lodgings here, and, out
Of the large sums I drew as for myself,
Maintained her like a lady; while my uncle,
Her mistress, and the world, deemed she had been
Kidnapped, and soon forgot to speak of her.

Val. It was about that time, dear Frank, we first
Became acquainted, and still, day by day,
I marked the waking of that pretty bud
Into a beauteous flower; and trust me, Frank,
On the wild ocean, in the clamorous camp,
'Mid night and storm and battle, that fair form—

That gentle, bright, sweet form, hath never been
One little hour forgotten.

Plo. You have been

As well remembered. But, to end my story,
My uncle, startled at the large expenses
To which I put him, and the which, no doubt,
His avarice still magnified, withdrew
Me from the temple, so that the old channel,
Whereby I served my sister, has of late
Been sadly straitened; and this very morning
I did receive a ticket full of griefs,
Which now go I to answer. Yon's her house. *XsL*
But, Venus be my speed! look who comes here?

Val. A lady, bravely dress'd and well attended.

Plo. 'Tis she! you rogue! 'tis she!

Val. She! whom? your sister?

Plo. No, no—my wife; my wife that is to be.
Look on her, lad—say, is she not a jewel
Worth wearing, if a man knew how to win her?

Val. And what's your hope?

Plo. There is a certain goddess, friend, called confidence, that carries much weight in honourable preferments. Fortune waits upon her—Cupid is at her beck—she sends them both of errands. This deity doth promise me much assistance in this business.

Val. You may have a harder task, yet, than you imagine.

Plo. A task! What, to win a woman, and have opportunity!—I would that were a task, i'faith, for any man that has his wits about him! Give me but half an hour's conference with the coldest creature of them all, and, if I bring her not into a fool's paradise, I'll pull out my tongue, and hang it at her door for a draw-latch. She comes this way—stand back while I accost her. *rehw a little*

Enter AURELIA, with a Page, and GREGORY.

Aur. [*Aside.*] Yes, as I live, 'tis he—shall I go back?

Why did my foolish eye take in this fellow,
And let him down so easy to my heart,
Where, like a conqueror, he seizes on't,

And beats all other thoughts out of my bosom !

I wonder if he'll speak—I'm sure he saw me—

I will go back.

L. *Plo.* Lady, good angels guard you.

[*Aside.*] Ha! she turns back upon the motion—so, There's no good to be done by praying for her.

I see that I must plunge into a passion.

[*Aloud, and following her.*] By the faith of a gentleman, lady, I do reverence the ground that you walk on: I will fight with him that dare say you are not fair; stab him who will not pledge thee. [*Aside.*] Not a word—Ods foot! if I could but get her to talk once, half my labour were over: but I'll try her in another vein. [*Aloud.*] What an excellent creature is a woman without a tongue!—But what a more excellent creature is a woman that hath a tongue, and can hold her peace!—But how much more excellent and fortunate a creature is that man, who hath such a woman to his wife! [*Aside.*] Still silent—try again. [*Aloud.*] When will that tongue take liberty to talk? [*Aurelia passes him, and paces to and fro, he following her.*] Speak but one word, and I am satisfied! Or say but “mum,” and I am answered—No. *own stops—Rp*

No sound? no accent?—Yet it is a woman!

Nay, then, without direction, I have done—

I must go call for help.

L. *Val.* Shall I speak to her?

Plo. 'Tis all in vain—night nor sleep is not more silent.—She's as dumb as Westminster Hall in the long vacation. *Going to Own*

Val. Come, I'll try my cunning for you. Lady, this gentleman tells me you have lost your tongue. I pray, let's see: if you can but make signs whereabouts you lost it, we'll go and look for't.

Aur. How now, sir: what means this? Have you fetched your champion? Have you no shame, no sense of the disdain I show'd you in our last meeting, that you dare approach me in this unmannerly manner?

Val. [*Aside to Plotwell.*] The brazen-head has spoken!

Look to yourself, sir.

[*Retires a little up.*

C.

Aur. How dare you be so impudent, to stand
Just in the face of my incensed anger?
What are you? why do you stay me?—Has a
crown

Purchased that shining satin of the broker?
Or is't a cast suit of some companion?

Plo. A cast suit, lady?

Aur. Think you it becomes you?

A blue coat with a badge would suit you better!

Plo. Ods life, this is excellent,—now she talks!

Aur. Were you a gentleman (which sure you are
not,

Or you'd have better manners)—and, what's more,
Well landed—do you think that I could love you?

As for your face, I never saw a worse—

It looks as if 'twere drawn with yellow ochre

Upon black buckram.—What! because

You've heard that ladies have sometimes run off
With butlers, housekeepers, or their fathers' clerks,

You, forsooth, cocker'd with your own suggestion,

Take heart upon't, and think me fit for you?

Plo. [*Aside.*] Would I could get her now to hold
her tongue.

Aur. [*Following him.*] Or, 'cause sometimes, as
women have pass'd by,

And have returned a courtesy to your hat,

You, as the common trick is, must suppose

They fell in love.

Plo. Why, this is worse than silence.

Aur. But we are fools, and in our reputation
We find the smart on't. Base, ungrateful wretches!

Kindness is termed lightness in our sex,

And, when we give a favour, or a kiss,

We give our good names too.

Plo. Will you be dumb again?

Aur. Men you are called, but you are a viperous
brood,

Whom we, in charity, take to our bosoms,

And cherish with our hearts, for which you sting us.

Plo. Ods foot! I must fetch him that waked your
tongue,

*Advancing towards P. whose head
she has in her hand and back again,*

To lay it down again! Relieve me, Valentine!

[*Exeunt Aurelia, Page, and Gregory.* *Pb.*

Eh, ! gone!—A subtle flouting

Wench!—But I'll match her yet! This anger is but
feigned—

I'll fit her humour, and win her,—not by suit, but by
surprise.

Confidence be still my motto, I'm resolved.

Come, Valentine, *vs Pb.*

Let's to my sister. [*Exeunt Plotwell and Valentine.* *L.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment.*

Enter PENELOPE. *Pb.*

Pen. Would I could hear from my wild brother—
sure

He got my note; ere I'll be tortured thus,
With visions of fierce sergeants and vile writs,
I'll back to stitching and the Exchange.—Heigho
For a good husband, now, to save me from
'This frowning fortune!—Once there was a man—
But he's forgotten me.

Enter PLOTWELL. *L.*

Pb. *Pen.* So you are come, sir?

Plo. Yes, sister; I received your note this morn-
ing,

Pb. And find you look the mine should run still.

Pen. Oh, you're a careful brother, thus to put me
Upon a course that draws all eyes on me,
Then leave me in't.—I will put off my ladyship,
And go to making shirts and bands again.

Plo. I hope you will not.

Pen. Why, what should I do?

D'ye think that I can feed

On air, like aameleon?

L.C. *Plo.* But, sister, I expected you, ere this,
Had found a husband, one who would have made
Thee a true lady. I begin to fear

You are too scornful, *Pen*—you look too high.

Pb. *Pen.* Faith, brother, 'tis no age to be put off
With empty education. Few will make jointures

To wit or good parts. I may die a virgin,
While some old widow, who at every cough
Resigns a tooth or two, and every morning
Is screwed together like some instrument,
Having full coffers, shall be wooed, and thought
A youthful bride.

Plo. Well, sister, would you like
A match of my projection? You do know,
Before our father died, there was a contract
Between you and young Seathrift. What if I
Make it a wedding?

Pen. Marry a fool, in hope
To be a Lady Mayoress?

Plo. Why, sister, I
Could name good ladies that are fain to find
Wit for themselves and knights, too.
He's only city-bred. One month of your
Sharp conversation will refine him; besides,
How long will't be ere your dissembled state
Meet such another match?

Pen. I'd as'lieve starve, Frank,
As wed a dolt like that.

Plo. You won't have him?
Well, then, let's try again: dost thou remember
A young lieutenant, Master Valentine?

Pen. Dear brother, what of him?

Plo. But this: dear sister, he's without, and fain
Would speak with you.

Pen. With me? What can he want
With me?

Plo. Hast not best ask him that thyself.
I'll call him in. Ho! Valentine! [Runs out.]

Pen. [Looking out.] 'Tis he!
Why do I tremble so? I've loved him ever
Since that I was a child, and yet I feel
I would not have that love yet opened to him.
By how much longer 'tis ere it be known,
By so much dearer 'twill be when 'tis purchased.

Re-enter PLOTWELL, with VALENTINE.

Val. Lady, may I not kiss that hand?

Plo. Ay, and those lips, too;
I'll be your warrant.

R. B. Pen. Brother, fie on you!

Plo. Fie on a fiddlestick—I tell you, Valentine, Here's one that loves you with all her heart, yet is ashamed to confess it.

Pen. Good brother, hold your tongue. Sir, you are abused; by this light you are. Had you not better go into the low countries again? 'Twill be worth your while, sir, for you lose but your time here.

Plo. Why, how now, mistress? What wind is blowing now? I have brought this gentleman here to be your husband—will you tell him you had rather have his room than his company, and so show your breeding? Look upon him, I say.

Pen. Yes, when I have no better object.

Plo. Why, what canst thou see in him, thou unhandsome, hideous thing, that merits not above thee? Our uncle has wronged him.

Pen. Sweet Mr. Spendall, spare your busy breath; I need no husband, and will have none.

Val. Sweet mistress, be not angry, for I need No wife. I am provided happily, And shortly to be married to a maid Of excellent parentage, breeding, and beauty; And let it not be any way distasteful That thus I try'd you, for your brother urged me To feign I lov'd you, that he might perceive How your mind stood to marriage, as I guess He has a husband still in store for you.

Plo. Ay, that I have, Pen!—Such a stripling for thee!

He wants an eye, is crooked-legg'd,—but that Was broke at football; and he's rich—rich, Pen.

Pen. I hate him and his riches; but, good sir, Are you to be married in earnest?

Plo. [Laughs.] In earnest. Why, do you think men marry, as fencers sometimes fight, in jest? Shall I show her Mistress Elizabeth's letter, that I snatched from thee this morning?

Val. Not an' thou lov'st me.

Pen. [Coaxingly.] Good brother, let me see't—sweet brother! dainty brother! honey brother!

Plo. [*Imitating her.*] No, indeed; you shall not see it, sweet sister! dainty sister! honey sister! What is't to you? you love him not! Think of Mistress Elizabeth Man—she is the better match.

Pen. You wicked brother!

Plo. Ha! does the tide turn? Wilt thou shake off this folly, and confess?

Pen. What wouldst thou have?

It is against our sex to say we love.

Val. Let me imagine it, and I am bless'd! *x s to Pen*
This was the trick, and there is the projector.
Thou'rt mine! I'm thine, and thine alone! Sweet lady,

Truth loves not virtue more than I do thee.

Plo. [*Interrupting him.*] Te ti tum ti! ti ti tum tee! and this is an end o'the business. Why the devil could not this ha' been done before, I pray?

Pen. Oh, you're a goodly brother!—This was your plot?—

Well, I may live one day to requite you.

Plo. With all my heart; but, sister, I can now *x B.*
Rain showers of silver in thy lap again!
My uncle's gone to sea, and left me here
The key to the golden fleece. Friend Valentine,
I know where lies thy mortgage—a white devil,
With a red fox-tail, cooped in a black box:
This day it shall be thine; and, Pen, to-morrow
I'll see thee married most methodically. *x s L.*

Val. But whither goest thou now? not to the tavern?

B. L. C. Plo. But for an hour;—nay, do not look so cloudy,
We have a jest in hand—I wouldn't miss it
To be made emperor of all Cathay.
Besides, I have another business which
I must attend to, and shall want the aid
Of those mad wags to forward it.
There is an heiress, Pen!—a dainty heiress!
Young, plump, and passing wealthy! one who bears
The blush of morning on her velvet cheek,—
Whose eyes are like a pair of talking twins,—
Whose lips are beds of roses, between which
There steals a breath sweeter than Indian gales,—

Whose wit ingeniously waits on her virtue,—
 Whose virtue gives a freedom to her wit!
 She vows she must be won by stratagem;
 And I've a scheme shall beat the wooden trick
 That won old Illium!—Farewell, Valentine!
 Come to me i'the evening, thou shalt have
 Thy mortgage.—Sister—"But, I pray you, sir,
 Are you to be married in earnest?" [*Mimicking.*]

R. B.

Ha, ha, ha!

Pen. Out, madcap!

Plo. Bye, bye, turtles!

B.

[*Exeunt Penelope, Valentine, and Plotwell.* *L.*]

SCENE III.—A Counting-House.

R. B.

Enter WAREHOUSE, SEATHRIFT, and CIPHER. *L.*

War. Fetch'd abroad by two gallants, say you?

Cip. Yes, sir;

As soon as you were gone. He only stay'd
 To put on other clothes.

B.

Sea. You say my son
 Went with them, too.

Cip. Yes, sir.

War. And whither went they?

Cip. I followed them to Scoreup's ordinary.

War. And there you left them?

Cip. Yes, sir.

Sea. Well, I give

My son for lost—undone—past hope.

War. There is

No more but this: we'll thither straight. You, Ci-
 pher,

Have your instructions.

Cip. Sir, let me alone
 To make the story doleful.

+ s behind to R.

War. Go, make ready.

[*Exit CIPHER.* *R.*]

Now, Mr. Seathrift, you may see what these
 Young men would do, left to themselves: but, come,
 Let's put on our disguises! To leave land
 Unto an unthrift, is to build on sand!

[*Exeunt Warehouse and Seathrift.* *R.*]

SCENE IV.—A Room in the Ordinary.

over door Enter BRIGHT, NEWCUT, PLOTWELL, and SCOREUP. *in front of door* *with a bar across it, and a curtain* *B.*

Bri. 'Fore Jove, the captain foxed him rarely!

Sco. Oh, sir,

He is used to it; this will be the fifth fish now
That he hath shown. One got him twenty pounds.

B. New. How, Scoreup?

Sco. Why, the captain kept him

A whole week drunk, and showed him twice a-day.

L.B. Bri. It couldn't be like this.

Sco. Faith, no!—I grant this is

The strangest fish. I've hung his picture
Out at the door there; there be crowds about it.

Some say it is a porpoise—one, with whom

L.B. The greater part agree, vows 'tis a mermaid.

Plo. Oh, that his father were at home to see him!

Or his good mother would come, who follows each
Strange sight about the town. But where's the cap-
tain?

Make haste, or he'll recover, and spoil all.

Bri. They're here.

W.B. Enter QUARTFIELD and SALEWIT, disguised as
trumpeters, carrying a large case with curtains—And
MRS. SEATHRIFT, MRS. HOLLAND, and other Old
Women, and some Apprentices, as comers-in, appear
at the door. *B.*

Qua. [As he enters.] Bear back, there!

Sal. Make room for the gentlewomen!

Mrs. S. What is't?

Sal. Twelve-pence a-piece.

Mrs. H. We will not give it.

Qua. Make room for them that will, then.—Walk
in there! *Pushes them back with his halberd*

Plo. [Aside.] Oh, fortune! here's his mother!

Mrs. S. We gave but a groat

To see the last fish.

Qua. The last fish!—Pho! that

Was but an Irish sturgeon!

Sal. This came from

*Salewit has with Quar. placed the case
the B. goes to door draws back curtain
and sounds his trumpet discordantly; then*

The Indies; eats five crowns a day in fry,
Ox-livers, and brown paste.

Mrs. S. Well, there's your money.

[Mrs. Seathrift and the rest pay, and all enter.]

Pray let us have good places.

Qua. Bear back there!

Room for those two old gentlemen to pass.

Enter WAREHOUSE and SEATHRIFT, disguised. *L. D.*

War. What must we give?

Sal. We take a shilling, sir.

L. b. War. [Aside to Seathrift.] Yonder's my nephew—
I can see the rogue.

L. Sea. My wife, too, as I live! I looked for her!
But where's my son?

Qua. Make fast the door, there shall no more
come in!

Now, gentlefolk, you shall behold a sight,—

Europe ne'er show'd the like!—look on this fish!

[Draws the curtains, and discovers Timothy
asleep in the case, and dressed up like a
sea-monster.—The company range on either
side the case.]

Re. Mrs. S. Oh, strange! How it sleeps! *L. near the case*

Bri. Just like a salmon, on a stall i' the market.

[Timothy snores loudly.]

Mrs. S. How it snores, too! just like my husband!

Re. Mrs. H. 'Tis very like a man! *L. near the case*

Qua. 'Tis a man-fish—

An ocean centaur, a cross-breed between

A syren and a stock-fish.

War. [Aside to Seathrift.] This is knavery.

Qua. We took him strangely in the Indies, near
The mouth of Rio de la Plata, sleeping
Upon the shore, just as you see him now.

Mrs. S. What, would he come to land?

Qua. To land!—He'd walk you

Two or three miles on the shore, sometimes—break
houses,

Then run to sea again;—the country has

Been laid, and warrants granted, more than once,
To apprehend him.

Mrs. S. Wonderful !

War. [*Aside.*] These fellows
Lie as they had a patent for it.

Bri. [*Aside.*] They act it rarely !

Plo. Nay, an' 'twere their trade,
They couldn't do it better.

Tim. [*Waking.*] Oh ! captain !—Plague take you !
—captain !

Plo. [*Aside.*] 'Sdeath, he awakes !

Mrs. S. Mercy on us ! it speaks.

War. I told you 'twas imposture !

Plo. [*Aside.*] Plague upon't !

The captain didn't give him his full load.

New. What, can your fish speak ?

Qua. Like a parrot, bless you.—

It is, in fact, a sort of sea-parrot.

You will admire his docility,

And how he'll ape a man :—tell him your name,

And he'll repeat it after you.

Now you shall hear him speak again.

Tim—you are drunk ?

Sea. [*Aside.*] 'Sdeath ! my son's name.

Mrs. S. Tim, do you call him ?

Sal. He'll answer to no other name but that.

Qua. A health, Tim !

Tim. Oh, let me alone ! [*Loud knocking at the door.* *S*]

Sal. Now—who's there ?

Enter CIPHER, dressed like a Waterman.

Cip. I must needs speak with one Mr. Plotwell,
On urgent business.

Qua. Open the door,—we'll show no more to-day.
[*Closes the curtains.*]

Mrs. S. Come, gossips, let us go ; by your leave,
gentlemen—Oh, 'tis a dainty fish.

L. D. [*Exeunt Mrs. Seathrift and company.*—
Warehouse and Seathrift pretend to go
out, but conceal themselves up the stage. *S.*]

Cip. Pray, which is Mr. Plotwell ?

Plo. I am he, friend.

What is your business ?

Cip. Sir, I should speak
With young Mr. Seathrift, too.

Tim. Oh, my head!—Captain—
Mr. Francis!—Captain!—Oh!

Plo. That's his voice, sir; he'll be sober shortly,
And fit to hear your tidings.

Cip. They are sad, sir.
I'll tell them first to you: your uncle, sir,
And Mr. Seathrift, are both drown'd.

Plo. Drown'd!

[*Warehouse and Seathrift peep out and listen at back of the stage.*]

L.C. Cip. Some eight miles below Greenwich,
A coal-ship ran foul of us:

I 'scaped by swimming; the two old gentlemen
Took hold of one another, and sunk together.

B.B. Bri. How some men's prayers are heard! We
did invoke

The sea this morning, and, lo! the Thames has ta'en
'em.

Plo. Art sure they're drown'd?

Cip. Too sure; I saw 'em sink.

Plo. But wilt thou swear they'll not come up again?

Cip. They may, but not alive.

Plo. Friend, there's my purse! [*Gives CIPHER a*
purse.] Captain, the hour is come, *he refuses*

You shall no more drink ale,

Nor take off

Your moderate quart glass: I'll have a musket

Made for you—a glass cannon! with a most

Capacious barrel, which, all day, we'll charge

And discharge with the rich and valiant grape

Of my uncle's cellar. Gentlemen,

Let's rouse the fish, and tell him his good fortune.

Ho! Mr. Timothy!

[*Undraws the curtain.*]

Tim. Plague take you, captain!

Plo. What, does your sack work still?

Tim. [*Rising.*] Where am I—eh?

How's this? My hands

Transmuted into claws? My feet made flounders?

Array'd in fins and scales? Arn't you ashamed

To make me such a monster?

Roverance B. [*Shaking off part of the disguise.*]

L. C. *Plo.* Tim, be merry!

Your father and my uncle, sir, are cast
Away.

C. *Tim.* How?

Plo. They are drown'd! Fall down,
And worship sea-coal, for a ship of them
Has made you, sir, an heir!

L. *Cip.* It is too true, sir.

Tim. Oh, hard misfortune!

Sea. [*Aside.*] Look! the dear boy weeps!

Bri. Fie, Master Timothy! it is not manly
To weep for such a slight loss as a father.

Tim. I do not cry for that.

Sea. [*Aside.*] How?

Bri. For what, then?

Tim. Because I fear my mother will not let me
Go to the counting-house and set at liberty
Those harmless money-bags which have for years
Been doom'd to darkness.

Bri. I have heard, old Seathrift
Would make his jack go empty to cozen his neigh-
bours.

Tim. Yes; and then decent linen was as strange
To us as to the Capuchins. I wore
Shirts made of sacks that brought o'er cochineal,
Copperas, and indigo.

Sea. [*Aside.*] I'll not endure it,—
Let's show ourselves!

War. [*Aside.*] Stay, let us hear all first.

Bri. Thy uncle, Frank, was such another.

Plo. Yes;
Myself, his factor, and an ancient cat,
Did keep strict diet,—had our Spanish fare—
Four olives amongst three. The old fellow would
Look fat with fasting. I ha' known him surfeit
Upon a bunch of raisins, swoon at sight
Of a whole joint, and rise an epicure
From half an orange.

War. Dog! 'tis false! 'tis false!
Cast off your cloud. [*To Seathrift.*] Do you know
me, sir? [*To Plotwell.*

Plo. My uncle!

*Timothy and Plo. - endeavour to wear
himself behind each other —*

Sea. [To *Timothy.*] And do you know me, sir?

Tim. My father!

War. Nay,

We'll open all the plot. Reveal yourself.

[To *Cipher*, who discovers himself.

Plo. Cipher! the waterman!

Qua. Salewit, away! I feel a tempest coming.

[*Exeunt Salewit and Quartfield.*

War. Are you struck
With a torpedo, nephew?

Sea. Ha' you seen

A Gorgon's head, that you stand speechless? Or
Are you a fish in earnest?

Bri. It begins to thunder.

War. Now, Mr. Seathrift,
You see what mourners we had, had we
Been wreck'd in earnest. My grieved nephew here
Had made my cellar flow with tears,—my wine
Had charged glass ordnance,—our funerals had been
Bewailed in pottle-draughts. Death of my soul,
Must I be subject to thy impious scoffs?
But I will be reveng'd!—Make thee my heir!
I'll first adopt a slave, brought from some galley,
One whom the laws do put into the inventory,
And men bequeath in wills, with pots and kettles!
Or, better to defeat thy aims, I'll marry.
Yes! I'll go seek a wife—I will not stay
To let my passion cool!—Be she a wench
That ev'ry day puts on her warbrobe—wears
Her fortune—has no portion,—so she be
Modest, and like to bring me sons, I'll have her:
By all that's good, I will. This afternoon
I will about it straight! so farewell, nephew!

[*Exeunt Warehouse and Cipher.*

Sea. And as for you, Tim! mermaid! triton! had-
dock!

I cast you off!

My heir indeed!—Why, 'twere unnatural
To leave a fishland. La! sir, one of your
Bright fins and gills must swim in seas of sack—
Spout rich canaries up, like whales in maps!
Go! let the captain make you drunk, and let

Your next change be into some ape ('tis stale
To be a fish twice); and, when you've learn'd some
trick,

If your fine chain and yellow coat come near
The Exchange, I'll see you. So I leave you, rascal!

[Exit Seathrift.]

Plo. Now, were there but a beam, and twopence
hemp,

Never had man such cause to hang himself.

Tim. I've brought myself to a fine pass, too.

Re-enter QUARTFIELD and SALEWIT.

L. C. Qua. How now, mad lads!—What, is the storm
broke up?

L. Sal. Slight, who'd have thought the old men should
lay wheels

To catch you thus?—'Twas deeply plotted, sir?

Tim. If ever I be drunk with captains more!

R. New. But do you think, Frank, that your uncle, in
This furious mood, will marry?

C. Plo. If he should,

The sleight upon the cards, the hollow die,

R. C. And Shooter's Hill, are my revenue!

Tim. Yes; and for me, my destiny will be,

To fight by the day, carry my kitchen and

Collation at my back, and, after all,

Return with half a leg—perhaps, my nose

Shot off, to move compassion in my father.

Bri. [Aside to Timothy.] Hast thou forgot the lady?

Tim. [Aside.] Faith, I had.

Bri. [Aside.] Hush! Follow me. Your fortune
may smile yet.

[Exeunt Bright and Timothy.]

Sal. Yond's your uncle, at the field-door, talking
With Banswright, and as earnest for a wife—

Plo. And who the devil's Banswright?

Sal. Oh, a fellow

That's much employ'd about the town; a man

That contrives matches; one that brings together

Parties that never saw or never met,

Till 'twere for good and all; knows, to a penny,

Estates and jointures. I'll undertake he has

Now lying by him, unprovided, twenty
Women, of various fortunes, that want husbands,
And men that seek for wives. At an hour's warning,
He'll make all ready for the priest.

Qua. Let us devise
To get him hither, and to cross the match.

Sal. See—your uncle leaves him.
I'll call him in. Hist! Banswright!

Enter BANSWRIGHT.

L. Ban. Save you, gentlemen.

Sal. Good Mr. Banswright, pray know Mr. Plotwell.

Plo. You are employed, I hear, to find a wife, sir,
For my young and sprightly uncle.

Ban. Sir, he has
Retain'd me for that purpose.

Plo. Hear me, good Mr. Banswright:
Say I procure the bride---a friend of mine---
And double the reward. Such terms, methinks,
Should make thee of my project.

Qua. Deny, and, by th' immortal Mars, I'll act
A tragedy upon thee!

Ban. Gentlemen,
I am a friend to wit, but more to you, sir,
Of whose misfortunes I will not be guilty.
Though, then, your uncle has employ'd me, and
Has deeply sworn to wed, this afternoon,
A wife of my providing, if you can
O'erreach the angry burgess, sir, and bring
His wisdom to the gin, show me the way,
I'll help to lay the trap.

Qua. Now, now thou art
An honest-hearted pimp. Thou shalt for this
Be drunk in Vine-dee, rascal! I'll begin
A rumlet to thee.

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. Come, Frank, wilt thou go home,
And give me that thou wottest of?

R. C. Plo. Ah, Val!

The table's turn'd. My uncle is come back.
'Twas but a fetch to try me! We're both ruined,
Unless this brain can save us. Come all in,
And I'll carve out this plot. We stand on wheels,
And the least turn of chance trips up our heels;
Climbing to fall, our footing never sure,
Then most unsafe when we seem most secure.

[*Exeunt R.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment.**Enter* PLOTWELL *and* PENELOPE. *P.**P.* Plo. Sister, it's so projected ; therefore make
No more demurs ;
Or else, within this week, fly this your lodging,
Have your coach-horses transform'd to rent,
And you return to cut-work. By this hand,
L. If you refuse, all this must happen.*Pen.* Well, sir,
Necessity, which hath no law, for once
Shall make me o' th' conspiracy ; and, since
We are left wholly to our wits, let's show
The power and virtue of them. If this Banswright
Can but persuade my uncle, I will fit
Him with a bride.*Plo.* The scene is laid already.
I have transformed an English poet into
A fine French teacher, who shall join your hands
With a most learned legend out of Rabelais.*Enter a Servant.* *L.**Ser.* Madam, a Mr. Banswright is below,
With an old gentleman, and fain would see you.*Plo.* Ods foot ! they lose no time. Away with you.*Pen.* Show them into the oaken parlour ; I*L.* Will come anon. *+ P.*[*Exit Servant.* *L.**Plo.* If you are timid now,
P. You will spoil all.*Pen.* Fear not,—I'll carry it.
I'll act the puritan as though I'd been
Born in St. Antlin's. But are you certain, Frank,
My uncle will not know me ?*Plo.* Tut ! how should he ?

13
He has not seen thee since thou wert thirteen;
And in the dress I brought thee, too, I know not
That I could swear to thee. Away: I have
A stratagem in hand, which, if it take,
The world shall praise my wit, and I my fortune
make. *Ob.* [Exeunt Penelope and Plotwell. *L*

SCENE II.—*An Oaken Parlour.*

Enter WAREHOUSE and BANSWRIGHT. *L.*

L. G. War. You say her name is Martha?

B. G. Ban. Yes; her father
Was an old Irish baron, that undid
Himself by housekeeping.

War. As for her birth,
I wish it had been meaner; she'll be asking
For jointure by the herald's books, and I,
That have no coat,—can show no azure lions
In fields of argent, shall be scorn'd. She'll think
Her honour wrong'd, to match a man that hath
No 'scutcheons but them of his company,
Which once a year do serve to turn a lighter
To Westminster aud back.

Ban. You are mistaken.
Though she be well descended, she can bring
Only her arms for dowry, and they'll never
Advance her to a husband of like birth;
She aims to match with one that can maintain
Her decently, but not in state.

War. But can she
Affect my age? I'm hard upon threescore, sir.

Ban. I told her so, and she replied,---a mind
Chaste and endued with virtue would, for age,
Add reverence to love.

War. Excellent creature!

Ban. Oh, she's most virtuous! she will out-pray
A preacher at St. Antlin's, and divides
The day in exercise; and then, so modest,
The least light word would shame her.

War. I shall think
The time an age, till I am married.

Ban. I have prepared her, and so set you out.

Besides, I told her how you had cast off
Your nephew, and, to leave no doubt that you
Would ne'er be reconciled (for she had heard
Of his wild courses, and would have you shun him),
Would, ere you went to church, settle upon her
Your whole estate.

War. Right, right.---To make all sure,
I called upon the lawyer by the way.
He waits without.

Ban. She makes but one condition :
You must be married at the French church, sir;
I have bespoke the priest---one that will join you
I'the Geneva form,---for 'tis her sect, sir.

War. All one for that, so that the match will hold.
Let's to the lady, straight. To cross that nephew,
I'd marry an Arabian, though I paid
To keep one to interpret, and be wedded
In China language, or the tongue that's spoken
By the great Cham.

Ban. Look where she comes, sir, yonder;
Say, how do you affect her?

War. By this light,
I like her much: she's beautiful and young,
Beyond my hopes. Ods life! but she's a rare one!

Enter PENELOPE, dressed like a Puritan.

756 B. Ban. Madam, this is the gentleman I mention'd;
I've brought him here, according to my function,
To give you both an interview. If you
Be willing, both the church and priest are ready.

R.C. Pen. But that I should offend against your care
As well as my preferment, I'd have more
Experience of the man I mean to make
My husband. At first sight, to marry, sure,
Must argue me of lightness.

Ban. Princes, madam,
Do woo by pictures and ambassadors,
And match in absent ceremonies.

Pen. But
You look for some great portion, sir.

War. Fair mistress,

756 to Pen -

Your virtues are to me a dowry;
And, if you love me, I shall think you bring
More than the Indies.

Pen. But, sir, it may be,
You'll be against my course of life: I love
Retirement, must have times for my devotion,
Am little used to company, and hate
The vanity of visits and of dress.
Since amulets and love-locks came in use,
The price of sprats, Jerusalem artichokes,
And Holland cheese, is very much increas'd;
Nay, 'twas revealed to worthy Master Scruple,
That unto curling-irons and false teeth
May be ascribed the German war, the last
Hard frost, and the late persecutions.

War. [*Aside, to Banswright.*] She's very pious.

Ban. 'Tis her only fault.

War. Nay, 'tis a good one. [*To Penelope.*] Lady,
I shall love
You better for all this.

Pen. I shall not like thee
To go to sea and leave me; I shall dream
Of naught but storms and pirates,---every breeze
Will break my sleep. [*Sighs.*]

War. I'll stay at home, and, to remove all doubts
Respecting that wild nephew you have heard of,
I have, as Mr. Banswright promised you,
Brought hither my own lawyer, with blank deeds:
He shall put in your name, and I, before
We go to church, will seal them.

Pen. On these terms,
Where is thy priest, sir?

War. He expects us at
The French Church, mistress.

Pen. There's my hand, then.

War. Rapture!
Come, we will seal upon the instant, sweetheart!
And then to church!

Ban. I'll see you married, sir.

War. You shall! you shall! [*To Penelope.*] Oh,
I'll so dote on thee!

Pen. Methinks you dote already, sir.

War. I do.

Thou art my darling—

A treasure of a wife! There ne'er was man

So happy! I could dance now. Banswright—
friend!

You've helped me to a jewel. Come, sweet Martha,
To church—to church! Ods life! I feel but twenty!

[*Exeunt.* *L.*]

SCENE III.—*Outside of Aurelia's House; stage dark.*

DORCAS opens the door, and lets in BRIGHT.

Bri. Art content now, wench?

Dor. Yes, and thou'st the wit
To make 't a lawful marriage?

Bri. O, fear not.

He'll be here presently, and comes prepared
For Hymen. I took up a footman for him,
And left him under three tiremen's hands, besides
Two barbers.

Dor. Well, I have procured a parson,
That preaches the next parish, once a week,
Asleep, for thirty pounds a year.

Bri. 'Tis well.

About midnight expect us.

Dor. I'll be ready.

goes into house *B. D. L.* Exit Bright. *R.*
Enter PLOTWELL, in a cloak. *L.*

Plo. On this one hour depend my hopes and
fortunes.

My uncle's caught, and so far that goes rarely.

But I must have this heiress—I will have her!

The doors are fast, and I have stay'd too late.

[*Chinking a purse.*

But here's the key that shall procure access. [*Knocks.*

Will no one come?

[*Knocks again.*

PETER, (*who carries the lamp*) opens the door; GRE-
GORY (*with a wand*) looks over his shoulder.

Pet. How now—how now! Who's there? *advances*
What would you, sir, that you do knock so boldly?

Plo. My gentle porter, prithee where's your mistress?

R. Pet. My mistress, sir? Why, she is in her chamber.

What would you with her at this hour of night?

Plo. Go tell her that one Master Plotwell begs To speak with her.

Gre. That shall he not. *Commy forward C.*
Sir, we are charged to bar your entrance.

Plo. But, my fine gentleman-usher, know you that whoso dares to execute that charge, I'll be his executioner. Hah! I see this house needs reformation. Here's a fellow, now, of a forwarder insight, I warrant me. [*To Peter.*] What place hast thou?

Pet. Any place you please, sir.

Plo. La, you! here's a man to make an usher! Sir [*To Gregory, taking his wand*], I discharge you of your place, and do here invest thy fellow in thy room; and, for the full possession of his office [*Gives Peter the wand*], he shall usher me to his lady. Here [*To Peter*], to keep thy hand supple, take this from me. [*Gives a purse.*]

Pet. No bribes, sir, an't please your worship.

Plo. Go to—thou dost well; but pocket it, for all that.

'Tis no impair to thee; the greatest do it.

Pet. Nay, then, forsooth, it were want of courtship in me to refuse it. Please you, walk in; I'll acquaint my lady with your coming:

Plo. Do so, and thou shalt flourish.

D.L. Peter leads the way. Gre - followz [*Exeunt into the house*]

SCENE IV.—An Apartment in Aurelia's House.

Enter AURELIA. *R.*

R. Aur. What was that knocking? Who is there below?

Enter GREGORY. *L.*

Gre. An't please you, mistress, the bold gentleman—

Aur. Bold gentleman!

Gre. Ay; Master Plotwell, madam.

Aur. Plotwell! Did I not forbid his approach by all the charge and duty of thy service!

Enter PLOTWELL and PETER. *L.*

B.C. *Plo.* Madam, this fellow only is intelligent; for he truly understood your command, according to the style of the court of Venus—that is, by contraries. When you forbid, you bid.

R. *Aur.* By heaven, I'll discharge my house of ye all?

Plo. You shall not need, madam; for I have already cashiered your officious usher there, and chosen this man for his successor.

Aur. Incredible boldness! Come into my house! Drive away my servants!—

Plo. That I will, madam, directly. Hence, ye knaves! [*Drives out Peter and Gregory.* *L.*

Aur. Nay, nay, I meant not so. This is too much. Why dost thou haunt me thus?

Plo. [*Bowing with great respect.*] Only, sweet lady, that my sighs and tears might witness to you the affection of my heart, and work me some measure of favour from your sweet tongue, or your sweeter lips.

Aur. [*Aside.*] Plague take the fellow's impudence! I can scarce keep my countenance. [*Aloud.*] If shame could not restrain thee, tell me yet, if any brainless fool would have tempted the danger attending thy approach? Had my grooms been but men—

Plo. That proves, madam, I am no fool: then had I been a fool and a base-spirited slave, if, for a lady's frown or for a guard of grooms, I had shrunk back, and suffered such a delicious flower to perish on the stalk, or to be plucked by a profane hand!

Aur. Tell me, thou most frontless of all men, didst thou ever observe so base a temper in me, as to give any glance of my stooping so low as thee? What is't thou presum'st on?

Plo. On thy judgment, lady, to choose a man. I have been stricken with thy beauty; am enchanted with thy wit; laugh at thy scornfulness; and would

fain be thy husband. I am not rich, it is true—nay, an' the trick must be spoken, I am not worth a penny; but I come recommended to you by the ingenious graces of love, youth, and gentry, which, in no more a deformed person than myself, may deserve a princess.

Aur. In your saucy opinion, sir. Love me, indeed! Love my dog.

Plo. I am bound to that by the proverb, lady.

Aur. Go, kennel then with him, and intrude not on me. Get thee gone.

Plo. 'Tis sharply said—but it matters not. The destinies, lady—the three ill-favoured sisters, have concluded on the means; and, when I am your husband—

Aur. Why, I shall be your wife. No more words, sir, nor follow me one step; up to this moment thou art pardoned thy boldness for the sake of its singularity—but come not again.

Plo. Again, and again, believe it. [*Exit Aurelia.*] *Pb.*
As I could wish!—Now, if Newcut be but at his post [*Opens the window; Newcut, without, whistles.*] Yes, I hear his signal—he has the ladder, too. Up! up! up! [*Newcut appears, and jumps in at the window.*

L. C. *New.* Is all right?

Plo. Not a word, but quickly on with this cloak and hat—you know your lesson—your kerchief to your face. Away with you—stay—some one comes—the maid—not a word—not a word.

Plotwell [*Plotwell hides himself—Newcut muffles himself in Plotwell's cloak—pulls his hat over his eyes, and keeps a handkerchief to his face.*

Enter DORCAS. *Pb.*

L. C. *Dor.* This braving wooer hath the success expected. What, still here, sir? Does your entertainment stick in your throat and choke you? Poor man, he hangs his head that hath been so erected. It knocks at's breast to come in and hide itself—will you be gone, sir? [*He moves towards the door.*] What, has your wit's fine engine taken cold? Art stuffed in the head?—Canst answer nothing? This

Re. way, an't please you, then. Here, Gregory! [*Plotwell steals off.*] Peter, see our new master to the door! Nay, forward, sir—I'll see you safe across the threshold. [*Exit Dorcas, Newcut despondingly following.*]

SCENE V.—*Aurelia's Bedchamber.*—An alcove; *in fl.*
toilet table, with two candles. *Another table, with*
writing materials. *Se—chairs—*

AURELIA discovered, seated at her toilet. *L. of table*

Aur. To wrestle 'gainst the stream of our affection
Is to strike air! to buffet with the wind
That plays upon us! I have tried to cast
This fellow from my thoughts, [*Plotwell steals in, L. D.*
and conceals himself behind the bed curtains],
but still he grows
More comely in my sight. I must suppress
This insurrection love hath trained in me,
And leave him as he is.

[*Plotwell makes a slight noise with his foot.*
What noise! Who's there?

Enter DORCAS. *L. D.*

Ah, Dorcas, is it you?

Dor. Yes, madam.

Aur. Well,
The saucy fellow's gone!

Dor. Quite humbled, madam;
He was ashamed to show his face, and had not
A word to throw at a dog.

Aur. Indeed! I wonder
That aught could humble such audacity.
Faith, Dorcas, but the man's a proper man,
A very proper fellow—a good face---
A sparkling eye---a body well-proportioned---
'Tis pity he is such a cast-away.

L. Dor. [*Aside.*] My life on't, but I think she loves
the fellow.

Aur. Fetch me the book that lies there on the
table.

Heigho!---so---what's the hour?

Dor. 'Tis past eleven.

Aur. See the doors fastened, and go you to bed.

Dor. [*Aside.*] Not till I've seen my own swain fast,
I promise you. [*Exit Dorcas.* L.]

L. of P. Aur. I cannot read---my rebel thoughts fly off
From every subject, to that one

Which threatens most my peace! Back, silly wan-
tons!

Can I not beat you into better fashion,
And teach ye temperance? What noise was that?
Why, *Dorcas*, art not gone, wench? ~~X~~ Heav'n pre-
serve me!

The curtains moved, sure! Ha!

Plo. [*Advancing.*] How does my handsome,
Delicious, delicate, bewitching mistress?

L. of P. Aur. How come you hither, sir? How got you
in?

Am I betray'd by my own servants?

Plo. No.

Good silly knaves, they think me far from hence.

Aur. For mercy's sake, sir, what is your intent?

Plo. [*Bowing respectfully.*] Fear nothing, lady.
I am simply here,

For the last time, to say I love you, sweet,
And ask if you will have me. Come, your answer.

Aur. Sir, quit the house, or I will have you con-
jur'd

With such a spell as yet you never heard of.

Plo. Nay, nay, be calm, sweet lady; there's an
end.

Thou wilt not have me---thou'lt not marry me;

I have my answer, and I'll leave thee, lady.

But I had sworn you held your reputation

Too dear to thrust it with such carelessness

Into the foul and gaping jaws of scandal.

Aur. What mean you? Quit the house on the
instant!

Plo. Quit the house! Ay, but how?---how, my
sweet mistress?

Call up your servants to unbar the doors,

And let the gentleman out of your bedroom?

What would they think a gentleman should do there,

Hard upon midnight? You know best what colour
To put on this adventure; woman's wit
Is ever fertile at expedients; and,
For my part, I'm sure I'll say any thing
You think will clear you to the world.

Aur. The truth, wretch!

You shall be made to say the truth!

Plo. But will it

Look like the truth when said, love? There's the
question!

I hope that they'll believe me---I am known
A little in the city. Few there be
Who doubt of my discretion. Were it, now,
Some wild, mad roarer---some notorious scape-
grace,

Who had, at this still, silent, tempting hour,
Stol'n on your solitude, the chances were,
The story could not blaze about the town,
Without a little singeing your white fame;
But I, whose blood is known to be so cold,
That, were I but in Italy, 'twould save
The charge of marble vaults, and cool the air
Better than ventiducts!—Besides, 'twould be
A libel on your taste—a man whose face
Looks just “as if 'twere drawn with yellow ochre
Upon black buckram!”—Oh, impossible,—
They can't suspect. What is your porter's name?
Peter, I think—here, Peter! let me out!

Aur. Peace, peace, for mercy!

Plo. Am I not to go, then?

Aur. Yes, yes!—But not that way, to ruin me!
Here! here's a window. [*She throws open a window.*]

'Tis not far to the ground.

Plo. Begone, begone! and I will pardon thee!

Plo. Leap from the window! Saints preserve thee,
lady!

Why, worse and worse! What would the world say,
then?

No, no—sweet mistress!—'Tis the favour'd youth
Who, on love's pinions, through the casement flits,
And deems his neck well risk'd for such delight.
The luckless suitor, the discarded swain,

Walks soberly downstairs, and so will I.

Here, Peter!

X *[Going.]* *L*

Aur. Hold! what will become of me?

What fiend has moved thee to torment me thus?

Plo. No fiend, fair rosebud!—But the young god,
Cupid,

The boy with the bird bolt!

Why should you not, then, have compassion, lady,
Upon a reasonably handsome fellow?

I do swear I love thee!

Aur. Thy vows are vain as are a dicer's oaths,
As common as the air! as cheap as dust!

Thou canst not love, or thou hadst never practised
This cruelty upon me!

[Weeps.]

Plo. Spare, O spare

The treasure of those tears!—Some captive king,

Whom fortune hath coop'd up in iron, wants

One such to buy his freedom!—Come, say but

Thou lov'st me, and I'm gone!—Out of the window!

Wilt thou be mine?

Aur. No, no;—I am resolved!

Go, sir--go how you will; my servants know

Their mistress better than to doubt her honour.

There is the door, sir.

[A loud knocking without, and cries of "This way! this way!"

Ha! what new misfortune? *X* *S* *L*

Plo. *[Aside.]* Thanks, Newcut; just in time.

Dor. *[Without.]* Oh mistress, mistress!

L. *Aur.* What is the matter?---Speak!

[Opening the door a little.] *L*

Enter DORCAS.

Dor. Oh, good my lady,

There is the saddest accident i' the street!

A gentleman is slain there in a fray,

And all the people swear that he who did it

Has sheltered in this house. There is the watch,

The constable, and all the parish, nearly,

A-coming up stairs; and they swear they'll search

Even your bed-chamber. I'll keep them down

As long's I can, and I can do no more.

[Exit Dorcas.] *L.*

Aur. Sure, fate is bent to-night on my destruction!
Are you the murderer?

Plo. Not I, i' faith---
They may come up, for me.

Aur. For you, indeed!
They will come up, and find you here. O spite!
Not only mine own household, but the whole pa-
rish,

Will deem me shamed. Upon my knees, I beg
You will begone, sir!

Plo. What, without mine errand?
No, now I think on't, I'll not budge a foot.
Lie there, my cloak! [*Throws his cloak on the chair.*]

Aur. Is the man mad? What does the villain
mean?

They will come up!--I shall be shamed for ever!

Plo. Marry me, then---say thou wilt have me,
darling.

Aur. No, I will not.

Plo. Well, then, here goes!

[*Flings himself into a great chair.*]

Faith, but I'm tired, dearest!

Is there no boot-jack here?

Aur. I shall go mad!

[*Noise and voices again, without.*]

Dor. [*Without.*] Pray, gentlemen, keep down.

Aur. Alack, alack---

They're at the stair-foot! If you love me, sir---

Plo. Then, will you have me?

Aur. What shall I say?---No!

Plo. 'Tis the last time of asking! [*Noise of voices
again.*]

Here they come,
And off go my boots:---Will you have me?

Aur. I will, I will!--As good to marry him
As my name lost for ever.

Plo. Why, well said, then. [*Producing a paper.*]
Here, set your hand to this.---Nay, 'tis a contract,
Strong and sufficient, and will hold in law.

Here's pen and ink---you see I come provided.

Quick, quick! [*She signs.*] Now, one sweet kiss,
And walk in, gentlemen. [*Throws open the door.*]

Enter NEWCUT, SALEWIT, QUARTFIELD, ~~and~~ DORCAS.

Be witness, all---

This is my wife!---Here is our legal contract.

New. Lady, you're fairly won.

Aur. How won? Is this

A trick, then? Dorcas, is there no one slain?

Plo. No, darling! but there is one ta'en prisoner:
You vow'd you would be won by stratagem.

Confess I've trick'd you to your heart's content.

Aur. I do confess I've been most vilely cozen'd;
and--- [Exit Dorcas.]

Plo. Nay, one moment: hear me out, fair lady.

Thou hast thyself to thank for all this. I

Do love thee heartily, and have, to win thee,

But travell'd thine own way. Now, being won

By stratagem, according to thy humour,

I'll win thee, if I may, by nobler means.

Divine Aurelia!

Before these friends, who witness to our contract,
I here declare it void. [*Tears the contract.*] Love
me, sweet creature,

And wed me, if thou wilt; or leave me, poor

And wretched, as I shall be, wanting thee!

For, by that dear affection I do bear thee,

Or I will owe thee to thine own free-will,

Or mourn thy loss for ever!

[Kneels.]

Qua. Zounds! art mad?

Plo. [*Rises.*] Peace, pudding-head! nor speculate
on acts

Which are seal'd mysteries to such as thee.

And take this with thee, sirrah: howsoe'er

This chaste and lovely lady may determine,

Let me but see the man who dares to breathe

A whisper on her fame, or give one shrug,

Nod, wink, or sign, that may imply suspicion,

I'll cut his throat! Madam, I wait your sentence.

Aur. Oh, sir, this nobleness hath quite o'ercome
A heart that was too nearly thine before.

Take me unto thee—me and all that's mine.

Were it thrice trebled, thou wert worthy all.

Quartfield relieves a little up

I give myself unto thee, am not forced,
And with it love that ne'er shall be divorced.

All. We wish you joy.

[Plotwell embraces Aurelia.]

Plo. I thank you. Well, friend Salewit,
What, is my uncle and his bride gone home?

Sal. Yes, faith, for better or for worse. I've read
A fiction out of merry Rabelais to them,
In a fine nasal tone, which he mistook
For a French liturgy.

Plo. Well, gentlemen, you all do know your parts:
I'll see this farce out, for my sister's sake;
Then, in the loving husband, sink the rake! *[Exeunt.*

L.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment at Aurelia's.*

Enter DORCAS, extravagantly dressed. *B.*

Dor. Sure, fortune plays into my hand to-night.
My lady has flown off with her wild husband,
And left a clear stage for my comedy.
I warrant me, I'll act the heiress rarely.
I have got Gregory and Peter over
Into the plot. 'Tis hard upon the hour.
Would he were come.

*Enter GREGORY (with his wand), followed by
BRIGHT and TIMOTHY.* *L.*
with much respect to Dorcas

Gre. Madam, here is a knight
Desires your ladyship will give him audience.

Dor. Let him approach.

Gre. [*To Timothy.*] There is my lady, sir.

Tim. Enough. Abscond, poor fellow!

[*Exit Gregory.* *L.*]

L. Do I act the knight well?

[*Aside to Bright.*]

Bri. Ay, as you were newly dubb'd, sir.

Courage, and she is your's. [*Aloud.*] Madam, this
gentleman

Desires to kiss your hands.

C. *Tim.* And lips, too, lady. *No too* *Salutes her.*

Po. *Dor.* Sir, you much honour both.

Tim. Ay, I know that,
Else I'd not kiss you. Gads my life, my lady,
I'd nearly brought my pigs to a fine market.
You keep your woman here so bravely dress'd,
I'd like to ha' fallen in love with her, and made
A proper business on't. But know, translucent
creature,

I am come off entire, and now am thine,

And thine alone. I am born, lady,
To a poor fortune, that will keep myself,
And man to bear my sword in cuerpo after me.
I can to court, an' if I would, and show
Myself i' the presence; look after the rate
Of some five thousands yearly in old rents;
And, were my father once well wrapp'd in sear-
cloth,

Could fine for sheriff.

Bri. [*Aside.*] Hearts! you'll spoil all.

Tim. Why?

Bri. She verily believed you'd ne'er a father.

Dor. Lives your father, then? That gentleman
Told me that he was dead.

Tim. 'Tis true---'tis true!

I had forgot myself: he was drown'd, lady,
The other day, as he went to take possession
Of a summer-house and land in the Canaries.

Bri. Now y'have recover'd all. Break your mind
to her;

She does expect it.

Tim. But, unto the business

For which I came---

Dor. I am at leisure, sir,
To hear it.

Bri. Dost mark that?

Tim. Say, then, I had
Some motions, lady, of affection---might
A man repair Paul's with your heart, or put it
Into a tinder-box?

Dor. How mean you, sir?

Tim. Why, is it stone or flint? A pretty conceit,
that! [*Aside to Bright.*

Say, I should love you?

Dor. There should be no love lost, sir.

Tim. Say you so?

Then, by this air, I'll wed thee instantly.
O, we shall have an excellent breed of wits!
I mean my youngest son shall be a poet;
The eldest shall be like me, and inherit!
[*To Bright.*] By this room, she's a rare lady.

Dor. Please you, sir, partake
Of a slight banquet?

Bri. [*Aside.*] Just as you are sate,
I'll steal the priest in.

Tim. Do---Lady, wilt please
You show the way.

Bri. [*Aside to him.*] How now? Most city-like.
'Slid, take her by the arm, and lead her in.

Tim. Your arm, sweet lady! [*Aside.*] Here is for-
tune. [*Exeunt.* *Re*]

SCENE II.—*The Counting-House, as before.*

Enter CIPHER, and a Woman Servant. *L.*

Cip. Come, bustle, girl! is the green chamber
trick'd

Handsomely out, and supper laid within?

Ser. All's ready, Master Cipher.

Cip. Get ye gone, then, *Servant & Re,*
For here they come, I think! I heard a coach stop—
Yes, 'tis old master, with his young wife. I trust
We shall have plums now in our pudding, a Sundays.

[*Exeunt Cipher and Servant.* *Re.*]

Enter WAREHOUSE and PENELOPE. *L.*

War. My dearest Martha, welcome! Here you
see

The house you must be mistress of, which, with
This kiss, I do confirm unto you.

Pen. Hold!

C. You would not sure presume to kiss me, sir?

War. What! not my wife?

Pen. No, sir; nor come before me,
Without leave asked and granted. Think you
I can endure your conversation? No;
I hope you have two chambers and two tables
Prepared---It was agreed that I should live
Retired; that is, apart.

War. Apart from me?

Why, thou art merry, wife!--A good joke, faith.

*Places his hat and ^{canes} on table
and brings forward the chair C=*

Pen. Dy'e think I'd jest with age?

War. With age?

Pen. Ay, sir.

War. Assist me, patience! Why,
If thus you thought, why did you marry me?

Pen. Ha! ha! ha! ha! [Laughs.

War. She laughs!

Pen. Enough to make me;

I wonder you should ask me such a question.

Do you think a woman, fair and young as I am,

Would wed a picture of a man,

Except to be

Her steward and her cloak.

War. Her cloak!--Hell!--Mischief!

I shall go mad! And were there none to make

Your cloak but I?

Pen. None so well lin'd.

War. Oh, impudence!

Unheard-of impudence!--Her cloak and steward.

Pen. Your coffers can maintain me, at my rate!

And I'll take care they shall.

War. Am I awake? Your rate! What's that?

Pen. Why, like a lady, as I am! D'ye think

I'll have your greasy factor move before me,

Like a device stirr'd by a wire, or like

Some grave clock wound up to a regular pace.

No: I must have my ushers and my grooms,

My coach, six horses, and postilions;

My footmen to run before me when I visit,

Or go to court, or take the air i' the park!

War. Why, harkye, harkye, mistress! Sure you
told me

You loved retirement---hated visits---bargained

I should not carry you abroad?

Pen. You?--Surely not. [Laughs.

Is't fit I should be seen abroad with you?

War. You said you lik'd not dress.

Pen. I meant such dress as you would fancy for
me.

D'ye think I'll wear a gown out a whole fashion,

Or the same jewels twice?

No, no, good sir.--I know you rich and able

To let me wear the price of baronies,—
 Nay, an' I'd live at Cleopatra's rate,
 You've wealth to keep me, and I'll make you do't.

War. My wits are going!—I think you bound me,
 too,

I should not go to sea—you lov'd me so
 You couldn't be without me.

Pen. Not for that,—

But you may yet linger some dozen years;
 And, as I know you cannot help but scrape
 And screw and hoard up money, I would fain
 That you should live to add to my large wealth
 As long as you have hands and eyes to do it. *+ S L*

War. My wits are going!

[Throws himself into a chair.]

This is past sufferance.

Pen. Ay, pray, sir, vex,—

I'll in and see your jewels, and make choice
 Of some for ev'ry day, and some to wear
 At masques!—Who waits? within there! *+ R.*

Enter CIPHER. O.

Is there a banquet towards?

Cip. There's supper, madam,
 Laid in the next room.

Pen. Call you that a supper?

A brace of rabbits and some musty cheese,
 With half a dozen radishes?—Run, sirrah,
 Quick, to the mermaid! Let them send in here
 Such a collation, pray, as I may look on;
 Command their choicest wines—rich Muscadel,
 Cyprus, and Burgundy; and look there be
 Good store on't.—If there's aught that's choice
 In your own cellars, see it be forthcoming,
 And quickly, too—I expect company—
 About it, sirrah!

Cip. Nay, the world will end, sure! *[Exit Cipher. S.]*

Pen. *[Walking gently up to Warehouse, and imitating his manner.]* “Why did you marry me?”
 Ha! ha! ha! Why did you marry me? Ha! ha! ha!
[with much gravity] Rump. [Exit. R.]

War. I am going. Two days of this, and then

I shall be gone ! or, to redeem myself,
Commit some outrage ! Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! [*Weeps.*]

Enter PLOTWELL and SCOREUP. *P.*

Plo. [*Aside to Scoreup.*] Ha ! there he is !—It has begun to work !

[*Aloud.*] Sir, I am sorry such a light offence
Should make such deep impression on you ; but
'That which afflicts me more than e'en the loss
Of my great hopes, is, that you're likely, sir,
To be abused, strangely abused, by one
Named Banswright. We have heard, sir, you do
mean

To marry.

War. Ay, sir, you have heard so—have you ?
And what of that, sir ?

Plo. Why, if it be she
I have heard named, I think it but my duty,
Despite your present treatment, to inform you,
That you had better match one of such looks
The judges of assize, without more proof,
Would burn for witchcraft.

War. And, pray, why, sir, eh ?

Plo. Because a hag so ugly and so old
Might, 'gainst her will, preserve you from disho-
nour ;

While this---nay, trust not me—ask Scoreup here.

Sco. I hope you are not married ?

War. [*Rising.*] Shall I let

[*Aside.*] The rascal triumph in my misery ? No, no !
I'll brave it out. [*Aloud.*] Not married, sir ? not
married ?

Why, say I am---what then ? *Yes to Sco.*

Sco. Why, then, I say,
Heaven help you !

War. [*Aside.*] Amen ! They know it all---I see
they do !

They come to laugh at me ! [*Aloud.*] Go to---what
mean you ?

I am a happy man---a very happy man, sir.

Sco. Alas ! poor gentleman !

Plo. Your looks betray you, sir. You would trust Banswright.

War. Banswright! My curse upon him! Oh, that I

Could see that cheating rogue upon the rack now,
I'd give a thousand pounds for ev'ry stretch
That should enlarge the rogue through all his joints!
I'd have the wretch think hanging a relief,
And be as long a dying as a chopp'd eel!
What shall I do? I'll go and hang myself! *X S R.*

Plo. Take heart, sir. Surely, you can be divorced?

War. Divorced! Oh, yes; I can be soon divorced---

Of all my wealth, too---all my precious wealth!
With her goes all! I have estated her---
Ass that I was!--in every thing I'm worth!

Plo. } How?
Sc. }

War. Under hand and seal—all—every penny!

Plo. Nay, then, I fear it is indeed past hope.

I came to save you:

I grieve I came too late.

War. Nephew, forgive me! *[Takes his hand.]*

Plo. With all my heart, sir.

War. I do now repent,
That, when I had so good a heir, begot
Unto my hand, I was so rash to aim
At one of my own dotage!

Plo. Fare you well, sir.

If I can hit upon a way to help you,

Believe, I will. *[Exeunt Plotwell and Scoreup. S.]*

War. Excellent boy!

Fool that I was! How much was I deceived
To think ill of my nephew!--in whose cause, *(side)*
And that of his wrong'd father, I do see
The heav'ns frown on me! I've done ill—much ill!
I suffer for it now. What torment next?

Enter SEATHRIFT and MRS. SEATHRIFT. S.

Mrs. S. Much joy to you, sir! You've made a quick despatch.

I like a man that can love, woo, and wed,

All in an hour. My husband was so long
 A courting me—so many friends' consent
 Were to be asked, that, when we came to church,
 'Twas not a marriage, but our times were out!

6. War. [*Aside.*] More plagues!—More plagues!—
 I'm stung to death by wasps!

L. Sea. But what's the matter, sir?—You are not
 merry?

R. Mrs. S. Methinks you do not look as you were
 married?

Sea. You rather look as you had lost your love.

War. What's that to you! I shall look as I please!
 I—I'll go hang myself!—I nothing have to do
 Now in the world but hang myself!

Sees R. Enter BRIGHT and NEWCUT. *L.*
 Who's here?

More strangers!—Racks and torments!—Who are
 you, sirs?

And what's your business?

Bri. Business! none, sir—we
 Have come to sup with a fair friend of ours,
 Young Mistress Warehouse.

War. Have you so, indeed?
 Out of my house! thieves! pandars!

New. Sir, you're rude,
 And would be beaten!

Bri. Cannot gentlemen
 Come here to see your wife, but you must be
 Inquisitive?—Be glad 'tis your own house—
 The place protects you.

New. Here she comes—we'll ask
 If she permits you, sir, to be so bold.

Enter PENELOPE, richly dressed. *R.* *7. 8. 10. 12.*

Bri. So, madam! we have been cross-questioned
 here.

Hereafter, I suppose, we must not visit you
 Without permission from your husband, madam!

Pen. Indeed! [*To Warehouse.*] I marvel, sir, who
 gave you licence

To question any friends that come to me ?
 It shows an unbred curiosity,
 Which I'll correct hereafter;—you will dare
 To break up letters shortly, and examine
 My tailor, lest, when he brings home a gown,
 There be a man in't.—I'll have whom I list
 To visit me, and when and where I list—
 So trust me, sir!

Mrs. S. Why, bless me, goodness! here's
 A modest bride!

Sea. Why, Master Warehouse! sure
 This cannot be your wife?

Re-enter PLOTWELL.

L. S. C.

War. Prove it!—I'll give you half my wealth—
 three parts—

And die a poor man, and a bachelor!—
 I did not think there was a bliss on earth
 Could tempt me to give money for't.—There is!—
 Before I hang myself—will no man speak,
 And rid me of that woman and my riches!

Plo. I will.

[*Coming down.* *L.*]

War. Ha, nephew! welcome to my ransom.—
 Speak, speak!

Plo. She's married to another man, sir.

War. Say it again!

Plo. She's married to another man, sir.

War. Thou art my blessed angel!—I shall now
 Go hang myself for joy. Boy, thou wert born
 To be my dear preserver! Where's your proof?

[*Plotwell calls Banswright.*]

Enter BANSWRIGHT.

L.

Banswright! Oh, you're a precious rogue—you've
 link'd me
 To a fine wife!

Ban. Nay, sir, content you,—she
 Is yours no longer; a brave gentleman
 Has married her with all her faults.—He's here!

Plo. Walk in, Lieutenant Valentine.

Enter VALENTINE.

Pen. Sweet husband!

[*Going to him.*

War. How's this? how's this?

Plo. A simple project, uncle.

This is your niece, and my beloved sister.

You ne'er were married, sir; 'twas no church-form,
But a fine legend out of Rabelais.

War. So, so, so, so!

Am I o'erreached so finely?

Val. So should ever be

Those who would o'erreach others.

Plo. Come, sir, be

At peace with all, and thank the stars that have

Permitted you to make a late atonement,

For the injustice done to my poor father,—

Through him to us,—and, lastly, to this gentleman,

My noble friend and brother, whose fair virtues

It shall be now my pride to emulate,

For I am married too.

Pray know my wife, sir:

Her kindness sets me far above your will,

And, therefore, the large sums which you stand
pledged

To pay me for this riddance from a wife,

I give to Valentine as my sister's dower;

And, in exchange for that same mortgage which

Your avarice kept from him.

Pen. Thank you, brother:

But he has naught to pay you with.—Though I

No longer am his wife, I hold a deed,

Signed of his own free-will, estating me

In all he's worth—'tis here—I give it to my husband.

Val. And thus I cancel it:—there, Master Ware-
house—

[*Tearing it.*

I ask but for mine own land; which, as now

'Tis known you still possess, I trust you'll give
me.

Aur. 'Tis nobly done!

Sea. Why, sir, you stand amazed,

And 'tis enough to make you :—here be plots !
These young heads have out-gone you !

War. Nephew, pardon me !

[Shakes Plotwell's hand.

Sir, [*To Valentine.*] you shall have your mortgage
and much more.—

Half I am worth were a poor reparation
For all the wrongs which that young lady, now
Your wife, hath suffer'd at my hand—I do
Forgive and hope forgiveness. I confess
I'm justly served ; and, in your presence here,
I vow hereafter to renounce and loath
All slavish avarice, sent by the devil,
To be 'mongst men the actor of all evil.

Val. A bless'd conversion!

Sea. Can you tell me, sir,
Where is my foolish son ?

Bri. 'Faith, sir, I think
He's married too.

Val. And this looks very like him.

Enter TIMOTHY and DORCAS.—They both kneel.

Tim. Pray forgive me, father ;
I've been a sad dog, but I've matched an heiress,
And now mean to reform.

Tim. An heiress ! This !—

Aur. Why, Dorcas !

Dor. Pardon, madam,—I
Have followed your example.

Tim. Madam, how !

What, are not you the servant ?

[To Aurelia.

Plo. I am your's, sir,

Down to the ground !—This lady is my wife !—

Tim. I do begin to think I'm fooled ! Oh, father !
—Mother ! I thought I'd match'd a lady, and—

Sea. You've done much better, sir. So she's but
honest,

She'll make the fitter wife for you. I'll give you
Some four-score pounds a year, to keep you out
O'the streets, and leave my fortune to an hospital.

Tim. Well, I have got a wife, at any rate.

Dor. And one, dear husband, will deserve your love.

Plo. Ay, kiss her, Tim,—your father will relent.

Enter CIPHER.

Cip. [*To Penelope.*] The banquet's served.

War. Why, this is well!—The feast
Intended for my wedding, shall be your's;
To which I add, may you so live to say,
When old, your time was but one marriage-day!

THE END.



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